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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

King Manuel's popular reception in this country was straight from the heart. Every foreign king, or even a president, is cheered, as courtesy and decent feeling require. But it was not courtesy, it was not good manners, nor anything of convention that made the people of England welcome the young King of Portugal. They felt with him and for him; they were glad to see him because truly and spontaneously they wished him well. The appeal of King Manuel's position is compelling. Youth burdened with tremendous responsibility has always its own claim, a claim that is seldom resisted. Added to this was the thought of the bitterness in which King Manuel's reign was born and the sentiment that his country was our oldest ally. English goodwill towards Portugal and Spain has never stood so high, we should say, certainly has never been so real, as now.

"But this is a revolt", said the King. "Sire", was the reply, "it is a revolution." The Radical press announces that the Revolution has already begun: "The House of Lords declares Civil War" it proclaims on its posters. Yet, look where we may, we scarcely can find signs of a revolt, let alone a revolution. Lord Lansdowne's alleged declaration of war is at any rate worded much more like a message of peace. Except to the inflamed imagination, it reads suspiciously like an entente between the peers and the people—the people which is supposed to be in a state of "sacred rage".

But what man of honesty or common-sense really believes in this talk of revolution and civil war? Party politics are extremely interesting and even exciting, a general election of great importance is close at hand, and there is uncertainty whether either side will emerge with a strong working majority. This seems

a reasonable view of the position, and what sign of revolution or civil war is there in all this? No doubt beyond this there is the feeling that things may be very unstable and unsteady for some time to come unless the Conservatives do come in with a clear working majority. That is a very serious consideration, and no thoughtful man can possibly make light of it. But there is no earthly menace of revolution in it.

Even were the rage of the Radicals as sacred as their papers profess, and even were they to get something of a majority, the "sweeping away" business would be out of the question. There are far too many brooms on the other side for that. If Paris in 1789 had been as conservative as London is in 1909—or even as it was in 1906, our lowest water-mark—there would have been no great upheaval. Birnam Wood may march to Dunsinane, but the Celtic fringe is not going to march to London and blow up the peers. Like the undergraduates of Jesus College, Oxford, at the end of term it has not enough nails in its boots.

Nor do we imagine that Manchester and the cotton workers of Lancashire are going to march there. There is really good sign that Mr. Balfour's speech and presence at Manchester, and the enthusiasm of the National Union meeting there, are affecting that part of the country. The speech and the occasion surely find the Unionist party well knit together and in good trim for the fight. It has never been Mr. Balfour's way to make the clarion note so loud as some party leaders have made it. He, no doubt, is better at harmony than at noise. And there was very little noise in his speech on Wednesday. But the enthusiasm which he rouses tends to be more felt and lasting.

The Chief Whip did well at the Manchester gathering to warn Unionists to "watch" the pensions question well. In party politics lies that are described as nailed to the counter have a habit of escaping none the less, and doing a vast deal of damage. And we are much afraid the pension lie is likely to get clear of its nail again between now and the polling. If it does not venture to show its face on the platform, it may make a sly house-to-house visitation. We should like to learn that absolutely effective steps are being taken at headquarters and elsewhere to shadow it. Why not a special constabulary of Conservatives to shadow it? It should

be borne in mind that there are other people to watch in this matter besides Lord Advocates. As Easterns say: "It is easy to see the King of Hades but not one of his imps."

Nearly everybody seems to have spoken during the last week or so. It is a solemn duty a politician owes to himself to clinch matters just now by a big speech. It is not necessary to read all the speeches; whilst as for listening to them—well, the ear is the most delicate, exquisite of human organs, so exquisite a great man utterly denied even Evolution could have built it. The ear should be respected. Besides, the clever men are probably holding back their good things, their pointed and witty sayings, for a season when they will not be drowned in the welter of words. Here and there, however, there is a phrase worth noting. Mr. Runciman has been likening the Liberals and their colleagues in the House to the "Ark of Liberty". When the flood subsides, the animals will come out, we imagine, in pairs. We suspect some of them will be glad to get out, unless an arrangement has been made for keeping such fellow-voyagers as Mr. Grayson, Mr. Keir Hardie, and Mr. Snowden on the one hand, and the "Liberal Imperialist" section on the other, in watertight compartments.

Mr. Churchill is to tour Lancashire as the star speaker of his party. Frantic, indeed, was the appeal to him of the Lancashire and Cheshire Liberal Federation—a signal of distress. Mr. Churchill responds gallantly: he will raise the two counties with pleasure, and to keep up their courage till he comes, he sends them a sample of his oratory beforehand. "Why should this small cluster of titled persons be set up to rule all the rest of us?" This indignation at a title is delightful in the grandson of a duke. And how many Liberals have objected to a title when they could get one? Did Lancashire Liberals object when Lord Shuttleworth was set up by a Liberal Government as one of the titled cluster to rule over them? Mr. Churchill must get up some better gibes than this.

Lord Lindley late in life finds himself discussing a very different doctrine of "tacking" from that known to him in earlier days as a conveyancer. His letter to the "Times" is on tacking as a constitutional doctrine applicable to the Budget Bill. It is interesting as showing how Judges would treat the question if the Government attempted to levy taxes on the mere resolution of the House of Commons without a Finance Act passed exactly like any other legislation. Lord Lindley admits the general convenience and expediency of the Lords passing Budget Bills. But here the case of tacking comes in. Lord Lindley, however, does not find his illustration of tacking in the valuation clauses. To him the Bill appears an obvious attempt to destroy private property in land and to redistribute wealth. This is the feature which distinguishes it from an ordinary Finance Bill, and makes it unreasonable to expect the House of Lords to pass it.

There is some public interest in the correspondence published this morning between Mr. Carlyon Bellairs and Sir Edgar Speyer. Mr. Bellairs said somewhere that Sir Edgar Speyer was the only one he could remember of the numerous important men of finance attached to the Liberal party in 1906 who had come forward to support the Budget. This is significant, and Sir Edgar Speyer does not dispute it; but he denies Mr. Bellairs' aside that Sir Edgar Speyer's "wealth is largely in America". Mr. Bellairs should have used the word "business" instead of "wealth"; then there could be no misunderstanding. Sir Edgar Speyer's property apart from his business is in England, and so is liable to the Budget taxation. But it is a fair and significant point that the most prominent City man to support the Budget has a business which is mainly non-British.

The compromise accepted by Mr. Birrell leaves the Irish Land Bill still harmless. Compulsion is restricted in area. It is subject to a court of appeal specially constituted which checks "the lawless men", those who shout "No Mayo man in Roscommon", and

who work the League to intimidate the Congests from taking the land provided for them. The statutory definition of a congested holding is brought down from £10 to £5, and the seller under compulsion may appeal against a price that cannot yield his present income. The £14,000,000 of additional annuities which the peasants stand to pay for the disorder which discredits land stock remains as Mr. Birrell left it. In short, the Irish party have got nothing but the clauses that help to put an end to their existence as a party.

Yet there still seems an element of doubt about it. The Government are obviously content with the Bill as it left the Lords this week; but will Mr. Dillon, the Irish leader, accept it in its present form? Some Conservatives now say that they will not be sorry if the Bill fails to go through after all. The tremendous figures of Irish land purchase alarm them. The figures are certainly somewhat alarming, but they are not new, and it is years too late to pull up or go back on land purchase. We greatly hope, then, that the Bill will go through. The Lords can afford for several reasons to be lenient here, as they have been with the Town Planning Bill, which they have passed.

On Wednesday night at Dublin Mr. Redmond was heard in defence of the Parliamentary party, and stated the extra taxation on Ireland at one-fourth of the estimate made by people who had studied the matter, such as Mr. Healy and Mr. Arthur Samuels. He added also that "they would listen to Tariff Reform" if the people of England "gave us Home Rule, with the power of protecting our own industries against English competition"—which shows that he does not understand Tariff Reform, whether he expects Home Rule or not. The pretty thing in Mr. Redmond's Irish estimate of the increased taxation is that it applies to "next year", and not to the full working effect. They can see through this kind of oratory, even in Ireland, and in proportion as Irish public opinion ceases to be strictly private Mr. Redmond's party goes out of existence.

A section of the Unionist party in East Marylebone, having driven away Lord Robert Cecil to Blackburn, has succeeded in driving away Lord Charles Beresford to Portsmouth. And this has been achieved by a gentleman who, whatever his title to journalistic distinction, is in the political world "to fortune and to fame unknown". To be sure Mr. Jebb is supported by the "Morning Post", whose editor has told us in the "Twentieth Century" (or is it the "Nineteenth"?) that Tariff Reformers will use any party to effect their end—the Unionist or another. Well, we hope Messrs. Ware and Jebb are satisfied with their handiwork in driving East Marylebone to distraction, possibly into the power of the Radicals. What we want to know is whether the friends of Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Charles Beresford will meekly accept a candidate who, after depriving them of the services of two really distinguished men, presents himself as the One Man Needful for East Marylebone? The intolerable presumption of the thing is not atoned for by canting about "folk-moots" and "straightforward politics".

However, Portsmouth is obviously the right place for Lord Charles Beresford. If ever round peg were in round hole, it should be Lord Charles Beresford as candidate for Portsmouth. This should have the double good effect of securing the seat for the Unionist party and putting the naval question in the forefront. There is some risk of more burning questions smothering the Navy in this election. At any rate, it will now have its proper place in the Portsmouth campaign. We can hardly doubt that Lord Charles will be able to carry with him the second Unionist candidate at the General Election.

Lord Milner, at any rate, does not see the Empire all couleur de rose. He knows perhaps more about the British nation throughout the world than any other Englishman, and he urges a new departure in imperial policy; "or you may have no Empire to consolidate". To carry Tariff Reform "in the end" will not do; it must be done before it is too late. We are glad that

at Poole on Tuesday he disagreed with those who would have had the Lords pass the Budget, that the country might get a sickener of Radical finance. This "savours too much of mere party politics". Still more serious, the country cannot afford a year of this Budget merely to be made sick of it. It is too expensive an experiment.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in his reply on the address on Monday, put Mr. Monk, the anti-imperial Canadian Conservative, in his place with much vigour. The sentiments expressed by Sir Wilfrid towards the Empire and the British connexion were unexceptionable, and the Empire will be grateful to him for his testimonial to its good influence and greatness. These were all generalities. There was one little particular—concrete policy—which did not quite agree with these imperial sentiments. "Canada would have a navy, and that navy would not go to war unless the Parliament of Canada chose to send it." This is flat separatism. A navy on which the Imperial Government cannot count in a war with a foreign country is no part of an Imperial Navy; it is not imperial in any sense. It is a local force that has no more essential connexion with the Empire than a foreign navy. It is said that Australia too is thinking of a local navy unattached to the Empire. These are not pleasant signs.

The attempt to kill Lord Minto is a telling commentary upon the views of those who see in concession the great exorcist of revolution. Never through history has revolution been exorcised by concession. Moreover, the really clear-sighted revolutionary will always admit that, as revolution is only justified by success, so may it be legitimately quelled by the force which is greater than the force to which it appeals. That Lord Minto should have been attacked at the moment when the reforms towards which he has now been working for three years were on the point of promulgation is a frank invitation to the Executive on the part of the anarchist agitators to use what force it has to put them down. Should there be the least hesitation in accepting the challenge, the Executive knows what it may expect. Something different from concession, or from mild judicial process, is required. The anarchists have appealed to force. Let the appeal be allowed.

The reforms themselves, on the face of them, bear witness to the obstacles that lie in the way of their fulfilment. The framework of the scheme that determines in the new constitution the balance of Moslem and Hindu shows by its very artificiality that it has come from above, and that no practicable scheme could come from anywhere else. It is a workmanlike piece of occasional legislation. Suppose that an organic scheme, framed on general principles, were suddenly flung down to take its chance, and that the British Government were to retire to watch what ensued, the result would be not self-government but anarchy. The greatest responsibility that the British have to face in India is that of holding the balance between the two great sections of the Indian community, and of guiding them through that period of fusion which must precede any real self-government. If Great Britain had no other justification for her Indian Empire, it would be found in this—that, if to-day she abandoned her trust, either the Hindu or the Mohammedan would call her back to-morrow.

We are glad that Lord Ampthill had the courage to bring up once more the scandal of the treatment British Indians receive in the Transvaal. This is a sore in the imperial body politic from which the Government likes to avert its eyes; it is an unpleasant thing: therefore not to be talked about. It is enough merely to state the fact that the Transvaal refuses to British Indian subjects the elementary right of admission which it gives without restriction to Germans, Frenchmen, and foreigners generally. That the Imperial Government acquiesces in this proves that it is not an imperial government at all; if it cannot help acquiescing, it is a farce to talk of a British Empire. Nothing could be lamer than Lord Crewe's attempt at an apology. This thing has come to a head under a Liberal Government,

whose stock-in-trade is humanitarianism. It is the old story—those who take humanity under their wing cannot find room for their own people.

The Shah, Sultan Ahmed, opened the Mejliss on Monday. The people, we are told, took the celebration with Oriental calm; but then, the people were not admitted. The Cabinet has resigned and will probably be re-nominated. In any case it does not matter. Nasr-ul-Mulk knows that the best place inside the Cabinet is not half so good as a place outside. So he will stay out in order that he may serve the Government. The Speech from the Throne was splendidly cheerful. Among other things it stated that "the relations of Persia with the foreign Powers were excellent, the only unsatisfactory feature in the situation being the presence of foreign troops in the country".

Jamaica has again been visited by a natural calamity, this time a storm. Jamaica would really seem to be the sport of Nature. Yet the impression would be quite a wrong one. We here are apt to forget that these portents are placarded big before us, while the ordinary quiet time is unnoticed. We read of a terrific earthquake there, and then forget Jamaica until, may be years later, we read of a storm. This is very unfair and may be actually injurious to the island. The truth is that Jamaica is in most ways an island of the Blest, these disasters being no commoner than the hundred-and-one accidents one is liable to every day he steps out of his house in London. But these things in Jamaica are on so terrific a scale that one cannot forget them. Let a man be killed by a motor car in London and it is forgotten the next morning.

We were taken to task the other day for saying the Americans were no more civilised than the Japanese. The Japanese, we admit, might object; but, in the light of the following little incident, should the Americans? The other day in Knoxville, Mississippi, a negro, supposed to be an incendiary, was burned alive, and his daughter, rushing out to save her father, was shot. "The town", we read, "is divided in opinion over the question whether Dunmore [the burnt nigger] should have been burned alive on the charge of arson without having had the opportunity of trial."

Purity is booming in the States. Now Mr. Hearst has purified New York, Mr. Taft is starting an inquiry into the frauds of the Sugar Trust, in which it is suspected that some of the highest officials in Mr. Roosevelt's Government and in the present took a hand. Even Congress, which resented Mr. Roosevelt's detectives inquiring too curiously into its members' proceedings, is going to help Mr. Taft; nominally at least. There is always the possibility that a Congress Committee may side-track instead of helping him. The Sugar Trust has defrauded the State of £400,000 by short weighing of its imports; and it has been made to refund that amount. The joint frauds of the Trust and the officials are now known as the Sugar Trust scandals, and the papers are making charges at large against officials. This is Mr. Taft's premier essay against the Trusts. Will he do better than Mr. Roosevelt did?

Inconvenience is already being felt in this country from the New South Wales coal strike. More than inconvenience will be felt if the strike continues. Mail steamers to Australia have to provide their own coal, and as this reduces the cargo room the Conference Lines are hinting that they will expect twenty-five per cent. more for freights. This is the first effect on merchants, and if they do not anticipate worse results, it is only because they believe that the strike is so disastrous to Australia itself that it must soon be ended.

It does not appear yet that the New South Wales Government has effected anything since last week. It still talks of the public interest demanding resumption of work before a conference. But neither persuasion nor threats seem to have had any effect. The criminal provisions of the Industrial Disputes Act have been applied neither to masters nor to men. There

has been a resolution in the Legislative Assembly to nationalise a sufficient number of the mines to meet pressing requirements. It was defeated as an impossible project; and, as Mr. Wade, the Premier, said, the public would be no more secure against strikes, as the miners in the national mines would be as likely to strike as the others.

Really the life of a French deputy cannot be worth living. A week ago he had to vote against something he wanted; now he is asked to vote for something he does not want. What with M. Briand and his colleagues on the one hand and a crowd of irate constituents on the other, a French deputy cannot call his soul his own. Perhaps he does not want to do anything of the kind, for he seems to enjoy himself in his own way. Once again M. Briand is making a stand, and of course he will be successful. M. Cochery, his Minister of Finance, wants the taxes on alcohol and tobacco. M. Briand asserts that he will support M. Cochery, and that his Ministry shall stand or fall by the result. None of the deputies wants to face his constituents, which he must do presently, with any of these unpopular proposals. Why not issue Treasury bonds, and wait for the shelved income-tax? That must be as M. Briand will have it. Well, the French deputy is paid to suffer these discomforts.

An international map is not one of those things which come very close to men—international star maps perhaps still less; yet, almost unobserved by the mundane, these did come into existence some years ago. Now the geographers are resolved to be as completely equipped as the astronomers, and it may have been noticed that the delegates of numerous European Governments have been holding a conference in London this week to discuss this very esoteric subject. When it appears, it will be a luxury that most of us will cheerfully deny ourselves. There is nothing in the book-line more aggravating than a huge unwieldy atlas. Yet the conference is a good sign; we are living in a world so peaceful that the only international trouble is the lack of an international map. This conference too knows what it wants and can do it; an honourable distinction from peace conferences and social science and teachers' palavers.

It is something of a disgrace to Europe that the Hermes of Praxiteles should be housed in a building that may collapse upon it at any moment. The museum at Olympia has been twice repaired, and is again unsafe. The arguments against having the statue removed altogether are not very strong. Of course King George has pledged his word that Olympia shall not be robbed, and sentimental Hellenists will talk of vandalism if any sensible suggestion of the kind is put forward. But it is better that the Hermes should be safely lodged in Athens, or even in the British Museum, than that it should gloriously perish at Olympia. However, the museum at Olympia is to be patched up again, to which end the Greek Archaeological Society is contributing £400; so that local feeling will not be outraged. The Hermes must be an undoubted "attraction".

Lady Gregory carries the comical criticism of Irish life a delightful step farther in "The Image", put on in Dublin last week at the Abbey Theatre. Two (Irish) whales, fighting, get stranded, and instead of annexing the treasure the people talk about it until the next tide runs away with one of the whales. The other leaves a sum of money, and the district council decides to put up a statue with it, but to whom? Great Irishmen are always so much greater than one another that no two of the people can agree. Some are for O'Connell, some for Parnell, and some for others, but everybody is afraid to mention his choice. Then comes the village fool pleading for "Hugh O'Laura". Who was he? Nobody knows, not even the fool; but the vote is by ballot, and O'Laura gets the statue, because every voter is afraid to vote as he thinks. Then it turns out that O'Laura is a character in a book, a book which nobody had read, not even the fool.

MR. BALFOUR AND LANCASHIRE.

"WHAT Lancashire thinks to-day, England will think to-morrow" used to be a saying when the cotton trade was a larger part of the industrial production of Great Britain than it is to-day. London and Lancashire still remain the most important electoral pivots, on which very many votes turn. Of London we are practically assured: the Unionists will sweep the Metropolitan board. Lancashire still remains something of an enigma, because, so it is said, employers and employees in its staple industry are dubious about Tariff Reform. We believe the truth to be that it is only the employers who are hesitating. The working classes, with a keener because a narrower perception, have, as to the majority, made up their minds to go for Tariff Reform. Be this true or not, Mr. Balfour, finding himself once more in the capital of Lancashire, was bound to address himself to the relation between Tariff Reform and the cotton trade. But before dealing with cotton Mr. Balfour turned aside to touch on the wider and more important question of the cost of living for all the working classes. It is one of the strongest points made by the free importers that you cannot have colonial preference without taxing food, and that you cannot tax food without increasing the cost of living to the working man. It is true that you cannot have colonial preference without taxing food; but it is not true that you cannot shift the taxes from one kind of food to another without increasing the daily budget of the labourer. Mr. Balfour repeated on Wednesday at Manchester what he said a year ago at Birmingham. "Certainly I should never have touched Tariff Reform: I should never have given my adhesion to any fiscal change of importance which was either calculated to or could increase the cost of living, the ordinary budget expenditure of the working classes of this country". We take this to mean that in dealing with the taxes on food neither an increase nor a decrease of taxation is sought. It is not by colonial preference that it is intended to widen the basis of taxation: what is aimed at is such a readjustment of taxes as shall enable us to give our colonies a preference for their corn and meat and dairy produce, while leaving the amount of revenue the same. New commodities will be laid under tribute; but the proportion of contribution will be undisturbed. We collect at the ports to-day £13,510,000 on tea, sugar, coffee, currants, cocoa, plums, prunes, raisins, figs, and chicory. Is there any reason, in principle or practice, why a portion of the duties on tea and sugar should not be transferred to the butter and eggs which we import in such enormous quantities from Denmark, Russia, and France? Russia taxes British goods on an average 130 per cent. of their value. In return we admit Russian eggs and butter duty free, while we tax the tea grown in India and Ceylon 50 per cent. of its value. Where is the sense in this? The policy is the more mad because in the case of tea the consumer pays the whole duty, as there is no competing supply. In the case of dairy produce Russia, Denmark, and France are all competing with one another and with the farmers of the United Kingdom, of Canada, of Australia, and of New Zealand. It is, therefore, as certain as anything can be in economics that duties on foreign dairy produce would, in part if not wholly, be paid by the foreign farmers. Meat, we admit, is a more difficult subject for taxation because in a northern climate it is more prized as an article of food than butter and eggs. Chicago competes with Smithfield; and the American Beef Trust is so rich that it would certainly pay a 5-per-cent. duty in order to keep its place in our market. If the Trust kept its place in Great Britain, this would not benefit Canada or Australia; but we should get the revenue to replace the reductions on tea and sugar and coffee and currants and cocoa, and the price of meat would not be raised. As for Argentine meat supplies, they are, we understand, practically in the hands of the American Beef Trust, or soon will be. If it is clearly understood that no increase of revenue is sought from food, but such a

re-arrangement of duties as shall benefit the colonies, the cost-of-living argument presents no difficulty.

Having once more reassured the country on the question of cost of living, Mr. Balfour turned to the cotton trade in its relation to Tariff Reform, scoring a good point immediately. He was told and he had read, said the Unionist leader, that it was feared that Tariff Reform would increase the cost of production, a fear which is expressed in this fashion. We must on no account handicap ourselves by our tariff, exclaim the Free Trade Lancastrians, because we should then be beaten in the neutral and Eastern markets by our competitors. Who are these successful and dreaded rivals? They are the Germans, the French, and the Americans, who are all working under tariffs much higher than any contemplated by the Unionist party. If these competitors, who are ousting us from the colonial and Eastern markets, are not hampered, but apparently assisted by the tariff wall, what is Lancashire afraid of? Two other points Mr. Balfour made in connexion with the cotton trade which must have gone home to the business and the bosoms of his hearers. One was as to the future supply of the raw material; the other as to future competition in the Far East. It is dangerous for Lancashire to depend entirely for her supply of cotton on the United States, which will one day consume their own cotton. It is most necessary to develop new fields of supply in Africa and Egypt, as may easily be done. As to future competitors in the Far East, can Lancashire afford to neglect the case of Japan? Suppose Japan takes to manufacturing and exporting cotton goods, while keeping out our cotton goods by prohibitive duties, Lancashire would then find a retaliatory tariff necessary for self-defence.

Passing from Tariff Reform to the Budget, Mr. Balfour summed it up in the phrase "Bad finance and muddle-headed socialism". It is not easy to say anything new about the Finance Bill, but the land taxes gave Mr. Balfour an opportunity to open his policy of peasant-proprietorship. So far from agreeing that land should be transferred from its present owners to a department of the State, Mr. Balfour declares that if it is to be transferred at all it must be from the present to a large class of owners. It is true that if it had not been for the principle of private property in land, the North American continent would not have been cultivated, and become the richest country in the world. "Let Lancashire and let Britain beware of anything which shall render a man insecure in the possession of that which he has honourably acquired by honourable means and invested in legal investments" is a warning which, if not exactly novel, is still needed at this hour. We see that Mr. Balfour abandoned the position that the House of Lords has "co-equal authority" with the House of Commons. A second chamber exists for the purpose of seeing that on great issues the policy which is pursued is not the policy of a temporary majority elected for a different purpose, but represents the sovereign convictions of the people—such is Mr. Balfour's definition of the bicameral system. "If the action ends in disaster, the country, and the country alone, will have to bear the responsibility." We are not sure that Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne are not pushing a little too far their principle that the whole weight of responsibility must be placed on the shoulders of the electors. The people are very ignorant, and have little or no time to study conundrums in taxation and socialism. Is not a portion of the responsibility on the statesmen who govern or advise them?

But Mr. Balfour was no doubt thinking less of moral responsibility than of ultimate power. In the long run the country and the country only can decide. Parliament is plenipotentiary, but not the House of Commons by itself. Parliament with the Crown makes a political trinity, and unless all its three constituents agree, the unity, in which alone is the power, collapses. The Liberal attempt to represent the House of Commons as the nation's lawful master is wrong both in law and fact. In fact we have gradually been getting away for many years from the representative theory. The electorate does not now periodically select political trustees to take

over all their public interests and manage them on their behalf. Members of Parliament have become bare trustees: the country decides its own policy and keeps things in its own hands, watching its servants in Parliament very narrowly, and by no means standing aside from one election to another. The House of Lords is acting thoroughly in the spirit of the times in looking to the country more than to the House of Commons. Mr. Haldane evidently recognises this, and in his speech to the Eighty Club did not magnify the House of Commons as less astute Liberal advocates are wont to do. He came rather to the real point, and disputed the Lords' interpretation of the country's will. Well, the fact stands that Mr. Haldane and his leader and colleagues have not dared to take the view of the country on any of the Lords' proceedings during this Parliament; proceedings which he says cannot even be perverted into an expression of the electors' will. And they go to the country now simply because they cannot help themselves. Were any other than a Budget Bill in point, they would still avoid the electors. The Radical half-penny papers placarded "Mr. Haldane's fighting speech"; but he is too much of a philosopher to make a fighting speech. Evidently, from this speech alone, he has great doubts about the whole business.

INDIA—THE PRELUDE TO REFORM.

THE Indian "Reform" scheme, published in its final form this week, was planned by Lord Minto three full years ago. On the very eve of its introduction an attempt has been made to murder its author. This sinister act is not a mere coincidence. It is the protest of the revolutionary party against any constitutional reform which leaves the British Government the de facto ruler of India. In this it confirms the history of the past three years. The first indication of the measure was followed by a demand on the part of the Congress through its President that the entire administration of the country—civil, financial and military—should be handed over to the natives of India. Emissaries were to be sent to every nook and corner of the country to preach this doctrine. The results prove the nature of the propaganda. The next three years, while the scheme was under discussion in India and in England, were marked by a series of riots and outrages directed against officials both Indian and European. Later on the sphere of operations was extended. A member of the Indian Council was assaulted in London by an Indian student, and the passing of the Councils Bill was followed by the murder of Sir Curzon Wyllie. Now the completion of Lord Minto's work is marked by an attempt to take his life. The lesson is clear and oft repeated. No concessions and no reforms will check a revolutionary conspiracy which has for its avowed object the overthrow of British rule. Force can only be met in one way—by greater force. Nor will it be suppressed by judicial proceedings. The trial of the Calcutta conspirators of May 1908 has not yet come to an end. The removal of the leaders, who are generally well known, and the break-up of their organisation is the only effective method. If "Reform" must be, the measures now published are good in their way. They may even produce great results if they are prudently and impartially worked, and if their privileges and obligations are not abused by those now called to administer them for the good of their countrymen. In any case the new regulations are now an accomplished fact, and it remains for all parties to join in securing them a fair and efficient trial. But they cannot take the place of executive action.

In the years of development, discussion and debate which have given it final shape the scheme has lost many of its original features. The Imperial Advisory Council and its analogues in the provinces have disappeared. They perished unwept. In their place has sprung up a scheme for Provincial Executive Councils—the most objectionable and dangerous feature of the measure as it now stands. Surely the history of recent events from Muzzaffarpur to Ahmadabad shows the

danger of weakening the executive authority. The original constitution of the Legislative Councils, the number of their members, the methods of election and appointment, the procedure and the scope of authority—have all undergone material modification. In most respects the changes have been for the better. This cannot with any confidence be said of the step which deprives Provincial Councils of their official majority—an innovation which is opposed to expert advice. It is to be safeguarded by the power of veto and an official majority in the Viceroy's Council. The position is a false one. The frequent use of such safeguards would in itself become a cause of discontent and danger. It can be only irritating to appoint advisers and overrule their advice. These objections apply with even more force to the appointment of Indians to the various Executive Councils, notably that of the Viceroy himself, in which resides the supreme sovereign power in India.

Judging by what has recently happened, it seems safe to predict that immediate controversy will turn on the question of Mohammedan representation. So far back as October 1906 the Indian Mohammedans formulated two demands—first, that the number of their representatives must not be based merely on their numerical strength, but must take account also of their political importance and their services to the Empire. In the second place, every Mohammedan must be chosen by a purely Moslem electorate. Appointment by nomination would not satisfy their claims. These principles were fully admitted by Lord Minto, who gave a definite promise that they would be observed, and later by Lord Morley, who undertook that the promise would be met in full. This decision was received with dissatisfaction by the Hindu—or non-Moslem—leaders, who object to special favour being shown to the Mohammedan community. Thus a position of considerable bitterness and constraint has been created. Lord Minto has, however, firmly held to his undertaking, and successfully opposed even a very moderate and modified form of mixed electorate in a particular case. The result is that out of sixty-eight members of the Viceroy's Council eight are to be Mohammedans. Of these, six will eventually be chosen by Mohammedan provincial electorates and two by Mohammedan landowners of four different provinces in alternate Councils. To the eight so elected a ninth may be added by the Viceroy's nomination of a Moslem from the North-West Frontier province. In addition to this, the Mohammedans are eligible for and have their chance of election or nomination to all the other seats, official and non-official. On the population basis they would be entitled to only six of the elective seats. They have therefore reason to be very fully satisfied. Their leaders have recognised this, though not always with effusive gratitude. In the struggle for favour it is not always diplomatic to admit you have got all you wanted and more than you asked. Whether the arrangement will be accepted by the Hindu party without remonstrance is more than doubtful. Special favour to Moslems has been denounced in advance; those who wish to keep agitation alive will find in it a weapon ready to their hands. Moreover, there is a section among Mohammedans themselves who oppose the system. They do not wish to be treated as a class apart as though they were foreigners having no common interest with the rest of the population. They see a loss of dignity and status in being treated as though they were a special "interest" like a Chamber of Commerce or a small community such as Jews, Parsis or native Christians. They hold that a truer and nobler position would be that of independent citizens acting with their fellows as a powerful section of a great community. They further see in this class distinction the perpetuation of class hatred and dissension. It cannot be denied that there is force in these contentions. But the Mohammedans as a whole presumably know their own interests best, and they are resolutely opposed to leaving these in the hands of non-Moslem majorities whom they mistrust.

PORTUGAL AND THE ENGLISH EXAMPLE.

KING DOM MANUEL is a good enough linguist to read an English journal and an earnest enough thinker to ponder what he reads. One would gladly give more than the proverbial penny to have his thoughts upon the piece of news which has relegated even his own personality to a second place in the public mind. Only a night and a day after the young King's foot first touched English earth at Portsmouth it was known that Lord Lansdowne had disclosed his amendment to the Finance Bill and that one more hot and bitter struggle is to rage around the British Constitution. As an hereditary Chief of State the Portuguese King can hardly be indifferent to the fact that the hereditary principle is about to be challenged and assaulted in the very country where it has worked most fruitfully for the general weal. And, if he be well informed, he must know that the attack on non-elective authority in England is going to be pressed very far. It is true that, up to the present, there has been little open treason talked against the Throne, and that only one member of Parliament has publicly prophesied how, in a certain event, "the People" will "throw the crown after the coronets" into one common scrap-heap of discarded mediæval absurdities. But every keen-eyed, sharp-eared observer knows that the men who are pushing on the so-called Liberal leaders from behind cherish ultimate political ideals not widely different from those of the Portuguese Republicans whose ill-timed and unpatriotic agitation is the principal peril not only to the Bragança dynasty but to the very existence of independent Portugal.

A constitutional monarch cannot discuss the Constitution. But if King Manuel were free to tell us his mind he might have some timely and useful things to say about this British constitutional crisis which has synchronised with his visit. Although it was not till last Monday that he completed his twentieth year, Dom Manuel must no longer be thought of as a boy-king. For nearly two years he has ruled Portugal; and as four successive Portuguese Ministries have waxed and waned since he ascended the throne this serious young king has already stored up much knowledge of men and things. He has learned, above all, that the chief sorrows of his country flow from certain political conditions which, if we do not take care, may speedily reproduce themselves in Great Britain.

The curse of Portugal is the immense preoccupation of her people with the game of politics. Cities of less than seven thousand inhabitants often boast as many as half a dozen political newspapers whose main business is to excel one another in envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. Even towns which we should call villages have their raucous Wednesday "Voice" and their scorching Saturday "Light". When the last lying word of these rags has been read, scores of the male townsmen assemble round the barbers' shops waiting for the ampler supplies of still more highly spiced vituperation provided by the closely printed halfpenny papers of Lisbon and Oporto. Worse follows. This game of politics, like our own game of football, has bred a plague of professionalism. A hungry horde of the least patriotic men in the country busily exploit the people's concern for their fatherland's prosperity and burden the community with a grossly over-manned body of non-producing political teachers and preachers. As a consequence parliamentary life is poisoned. Like certain school-teachers in England who are always discussing their pensions and promotions and privileges, with never a word about the interests of their pupils, so the majority of Portuguese deputies are incessantly bent towards their own private ends. Until the general election of last year some of them had never set foot in their constituencies. They abode snugly in Lisbon, battenning upon the rural toilers more shamelessly than any of the old-régime aristocrats and courtiers whose tyranny was supposed to have withered for ever in the pure white ray of democratic institutions.

This obsession with partisan politics on all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year is so imminent a danger for England that even little Portugal, despite many differences in the conditions, may fairly be held

up as a warning. Nowadays our Imperial Parliament sits nearly all the year round. Editors have no longer to provide silly-seasonals for their readers while August dust thickens softly upon the deserted benches at S. Stephen's. And as a result of the demands now made by parliamentary life it may easily come to pass that there will be a stoppage in the supply of those fairly disinterested men who, whatever their faults, have framed the justest laws in the world during the few months of each year which they could spare, without fee or reward, from other occupations. In their places we shall have more and more of the professional politicians whose livelihood is won by going every day to work at the House of Commons as clerks go to work from nine till six in counting-houses. The trail of this political professionalism already lies unlovely over too many of the parliamentary paragraphs and lobby notes in certain Radical newspapers. With direct money stakes to be played for, our players must degenerate, like Portugal's. Indeed, in one respect we may be worse off than the Portuguese; for it is more essential to an English member of Parliament than to a Portuguese deputy that he should flatter his particular constituency by smartness and pushfulness.

With this shadow hanging over our House of Commons King Manuel would be rightly astounded if he saw his oldest friend and ally beginning to trifle away the safeguard which England, unlike Portugal, happily enjoys; namely, an effective House of Lords. The "Peers of the Kingdom" who form Portugal's upper legislative House are not necessarily peers in the sense of Burke and Debrett. They are less like our House of Lords than like life senators. Many of them, no doubt, are able and high-principled men; but, as a House, they lack the prestige and the traditions of wisdom which have often restrained England from following her demagogues into headlong deeds of iconoclasm such as she would regret but could never repair. This is the conviction of many a thoughtful Portuguese Liberal who, while scouting our hereditary House in theory, envies us its possession in practice. If such a Portuguese could speak to us at this moment, he would tell us that the great democratic superstition has been weighed in Portugal and found wanting; that a people can be cheated and oppressed as much by deputies and senators and presidents as by nobles and prelates and kings; and that, whatever theory may say, practice and experience prove the need for a twining and plaiting together of the elective and the non-elective powers.

It is to England that King Manuel and his people look for the perpetuation of their independence and for the inviolability of their colonial empire. It is with England, as the King significantly said at the Guildhall, that Portugal covets the best of all possible financial and commercial relations. Portuguese eyes are fixed at this moment with exceptional steadfastness upon the splendid equipoise of our institutions. With Portugal our example counts for much; and we shall do the little kingdom a poor service if we surrender one pin's-weight to those sham democrats who take the great name of liberty in vain.

ISVOLSKY v. AERENTHAL.

THE ill-tempered controversy between the Russian and Austro-Hungarian Foreign Ministers continues and shows no signs of coming to an end. The Press of all countries is summoned to give its aid. A leading English review opens its pages to the combatants, who are represented by writers disguised under phrases both obscure and inaccurate, and they are replied to by official scribes in S. Petersburg and Vienna. All this fuss both amuses and embarrasses Europe. The world cannot say to the leading statesmen of two Great Powers as Beatrice does to Benedick: "What! are you still talking? Nobody marks you". Unfortunately, heartily sick of the subject though we be, we have to mark them, for the Eastern Question is never settled and under present conditions may break out at any moment from several quarters. Greece is unsettled, Turkey suspicious, and Serbia raging. The only thing which can firmly suppress the tendency to

internecine war is a firm agreement between Russia and Austria; yet we find their Foreign Ministers still raining upon one another jeers and flouts, day after day, and endeavouring to convict one another of insincerity. As if anyone cared at this time, except the historian or the journalist, whether M. Isvolsky or Count Aerenthal first proposed to the other that they should make a bargain behind the back of Europe!

Something more than mere pique at a reverse in the political arena must be sought as the motive for this revival of controversy. If diplomatic rumour is to be credited, Count von Aerenthal has never forgiven M. Isvolsky for a defeat in other fields than those of diplomacy. He, however, might well rest content with the success of his Bosnian coup. M. Isvolsky recently got in a nasty return blow in the Tsar's ostentatious courtesies to Italy and avoidance of Austria. There surely the matter might well have been allowed to remain; but it has only proved the opening for a new wrangle which emphasises the estrangement of the two Powers.

No one will accept implicitly the statements of either side, which may well be affected by unconscious bias, and in such situations usually are. Whether Count von Aerenthal proved more slim than M. Isvolsky, or events worked for him more than for his rival, it is very difficult to determine. The story as told by both sides up to a certain point agrees. It is admitted that an agreement was made at Buchlau that in return for Austria's annexation of the provinces Russia should receive Austrian support in raising the question of the Dardanelles. Bulgaria was also to receive support in her declaration of independence, which was to be considered as her compensation for the action of the two Great Powers. The Russian version is that this agreement was hypothetical; the Austrian, that it was definite and positive. This is the kind of dispute which may easily arise between two perfectly honourable men when a question in discussion is not put into writing. The declaration of Bulgarian independence unfortunately precipitated matters and Austria acted at once. On 7 October the Heads of the European States received the official announcement of the Austrian Emperor's annexation manifesto. According to an Austrian account the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister had utilised the time since the Buchlau meeting in practical preparation for the coup already agreed upon while M. Isvolsky was comfortably touring round Europe interviewing various Foreign Ministers. Russia was therefore quite unprepared to deal her stroke and to attempt to solve the Dardanelles question in her own favour. A distinct contradiction takes place here. M. Isvolsky states that Count von Aerenthal promised him "considerable previous notice" of the date of annexation. Whether this was a misunderstanding or not, who can tell? In any case the Austrian reply is that the precipitate proclamation of Bulgarian independence forced their Foreign Office to act at once. The Russian retort is in effect that the action of Bulgaria was all engineered in Vienna and that the fact of the approaching Bulgarian declaration and its date were all communicated to if not arranged by the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office itself. Whether this be so or not is really immaterial so far as Europe is concerned, for after all it does not matter much to the rest of the Powers whether Austria alone or Austria and Russia together were secretly preparing a surprise. It may well have been that Count von Aerenthal was convinced that certain of the Powers, ourselves assuredly, would never consent to the opening of the Dardanelles. It is impossible to believe that Austria's ally Germany could have viewed with equanimity any such disturbance of the existing balance of power in those regions. With her present views as to Eastern policy Germany could never consent to place Constantinople permanently at the mercy of Russia. It is not credible, therefore, that Austria could have believed that Europe would consent to a settlement such as M. Isvolsky desired. It is equally incredible that M. Isvolsky could have thought it possible that either England or Germany would assent to the proposal. If the Russian Foreign Minister ever seriously thought he could persuade Europe to consent to Russia

receiving such "compensation", it shows a degree either of vanity or naïveté which easily explains his opponent's victory.

The only feature of the case we regret is that this country should have been dragged in as a protagonist in the matter. This was a development which, as the SATURDAY REVIEW has pointed out from the beginning, might have been avoided by the exercise of a little clear thinking and counting of forces. A statesman who is personally acquainted with the individuals he is dealing with, and is informed by personal observation as to the resources of his opponents, must always have an advantage over an adversary who may be equally able but has not the intimate knowledge enjoyed by his opponent. In foreign affairs, as in nearly all other matters, the professional will beat the amateur. Given equal conditions, the man who is prepared to win at all costs will beat the man who would like to win but considers other things as well.

We cannot see that the Russian Foreign Office has much to complain of, if, as it says, it was concerned in a manœuvre with Austria behind the back of Europe to force the hands of the other Powers. A Machiavelli, Machiavelli et demi. Russia herself thirty years ago not only invited Austria into the annexed provinces, but even suggested that she should take the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar also, from which she has now retired. This part has been brought out by the publication of the secret agreement made between Shuvaloff and Andrassy in 1878. By this arrangement Russia actually promised to raise no objection if Austria thought fit to eject the Turks and "definitively enter into occupation of that territory like the rest of Bosnia and Herzegovina". These quarrels, therefore, as to petty details continually renewed only tend to promote bad feeling and inflame wounds which ought to be allowed to heal. It is fortunate for Europe as a whole that the Conference was never summoned on which our statesmen were so bent at one time, but the absurdity of which, we take credit to ourselves, the SATURDAY REVIEW has always insisted on. It is bad enough that this wrangling should go on in newspapers and reviews, it would be a great deal worse to have it stereotyped at the Council Board of Europe with other Powers almost certainly taking sides.

It is not altogether out of place to note in this connexion that the plausible M. Milovanovitch is making another tour through the European Chancelleries. This enterprise has been modestly undertaken, but it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that Serbia may be still in quest of some form of "compensation". According to his account given to the "Temps", his business was "to talk and to listen, to maintain or re-establish contact, nothing more". He has called the attention of Europe to the "moral sufferings" his country went through a few months ago. He also talks of a Balkan Triplie which is to include Serbia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro. We shall be greatly surprised if the prudent Ferdinand will guarantee the status quo in the Balkans against Austria for the benefit of King Peter. We rejoice to learn from M. Milovanovitch that he finds the Powers determined on peace, and he may be well assured that civilised Europe has not forgotten her "moral sufferings" over the crimes of his own compatriots. It is because the Russo-Austrian bickerings may encourage the impudent ambitions of these barbarous little communities that they are especially to be deprecated.

THE CITY.

THE City welcomes the prospect of an early termination of the political deadlock, and is not at all perturbed by the statements of Lord Swaythling and Lord Welby as to the chaos which will prevail in the Money market when the Budget is rejected. It is recognised that some temporary financial accommodation will be required by the Government to meet the deficiency of the year; but the maximum amount should be ten millions, and this can be raised by two successive issues of Treasury Bills without in any way dislocating Lombard Street. The monetary position this week has undergone a further improvement, and instead of

anticipating a return of stringency the market is looking forward to an early reduction in the Bank rate. This may seem a sanguine view to take of the immediate future, but it is not unjustified when regard is had to the large addition which has been made to the Bank's reserve since the establishment of the 5 per cent. rate. Meantime the market is preparing for a reduction by lowering its quotations for discounts, and either it is showing an intelligent anticipation of forthcoming events or is indulging in speculations which may prove very costly. The Stock Exchange is not prepared to discount a reduction in the Bank rate because it can see no material increase in either investment or speculative business while a General Election is in prospect, and is rather disposed to reduce speculative commitments. Where possible, brokers are putting pressure upon clients with this object in view, and the last two days have seen heavy liquidations in Kaffirs. Real stock is also coming to market, it being impossible to see where the stimulus is to come from to arouse this particular section of the "House". It was hoped that Lord Harris would have said something inspiring at the meeting of the Gold Fields Company on Tuesday, but he very rightly adopted a cautious tone, and nothing in his remarks can be made an excuse for a "bull" campaign. At the same time Lord Harris had a very satisfactory tale to tell the shareholders, who may rest content that their interests are well safeguarded.

No further progress is reported in the arrangements which are being made in the United States for controlling the output of copper, but no effort is being spared to bring the scheme to fruition. And with the promise of success prices of American securities are kept up. There is the less difficulty in doing this now because money conditions in Wall Street have experienced the same relief as in London. The shifting of stocks from London to Wall Street has been accomplished without serious inconvenience, and with easier money in London there should be the less difficulty in renewing finance bills as they become due, and as they are now doing. This does not mean that existing prices of American securities are justified; on the contrary, we still think that there is gross inflation—in regard to industrials in particular. But the process of unloading by the manipulators is facilitated by the improved conditions, and thus a sudden collapse is averted, and the inevitable decline should be gradual and consequently less mischievous than was feared a few weeks back. A notable movement of the week has been a drop to 85½ in the price of Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway stock. We were prepared for this when we commented upon the directors' report. At its present price the stock may be considered cheap for a lock-up.

Pekin Syndicate shares have had another of their sensational movements, rising over £2. A circular from the directors giving a report from the engineers has accompanied the rise, but is probably only partially responsible for the movement, which is, as customary now, being worked from Paris. The directors here must be very annoyed that their warning of a few months back as to the speculation in the shares is so persistently ignored, but they will probably know the reason why before many more months have passed. Paris interests are determined to remove all those members of the board who they consider have stood in the way of the development of the company's resources, and it will require a very strong man to circumvent their tactics. Meantime shareholders who have bought at lower figures might take some of their profits, coming in again on a lower level. Amazing though it may seem, we have yet another flotation by the Russian Estates and Mines, Limited! Particulars are advertised of the Mount Dzyshra (Caucasus) Exploration, Limited, which is to acquire certain petroleum and mineral rights from that company. No shares are offered for public subscription, but presumably the publication of particulars regarding the new venture is preparatory to making a market. The shares of Russian Estates and Mines, Limited, which a few weeks ago were dealt in at 15s., are down to 4s.; that is, just about 4s. more than their intrinsic value.

INSURANCE: POLICIES AT HIGH PREMIUMS.

V.

ENDOWMENT assurance policies, with which we have been dealing in recent articles, provide for the payment of the sum assured at the end of a fixed period or at death; consequently they involve a higher rate of premium than policies which become claims only at death. Assurance payable at death may be regarded as involving a high rate of premium when the payments to the life offices are limited in number, especially if the number of premiums be small, or if the policy be taken at an advanced age. These limited-payment policies have many attractions, and although they have become increasingly popular in recent years they are not yet appreciated quite as fully as they should be.

The smallest number of premiums is, of course, one. A single payment of about £345 at age thirty, of £420 at age forty, and of £516 at age fifty will secure £1000 without profits at death whenever it happens. Under policies of this kind the protection element is small and the investment element is large; in fact, the chance of the life office having to pay much more than the premium received, with accumulated interest, is more than balanced by the interest earned on the single payment which the company has received. Money invested in a single-payment policy is therefore not locked up, since the policy can at any time be surrendered for 90 or 95 per cent. of the amount of the single premium, and after a few years the surrender value exceeds the premium paid. A policy is about the best security that life offices can have for a loan, which they will grant to very nearly the extent of the surrender value. These features make single-premium policies a favourite investment with members of the Stock Exchange and others, since in a sudden emergency they can obtain a loan without delay. It is advisable to consider, when choosing the policy, the terms upon which a loan will be granted. Some life offices lend on such security at 4 per cent. interest, while others charge a higher rate. If the loan is to be repaid quite soon the rate of interest may not matter very much; but if the loan remains for a long time, and especially if the interest is not paid upon it periodically, it makes a great deal of difference whether the rate of interest is 4 or $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 per cent.

People can take from any life office policies payable at death, subject to any number of premiums that suits their convenience. This may be five or ten or twenty, or the premiums may be payable until the attainment of a fixed age, such as sixty or sixty-five. Manifestly the fewer the number of premiums the larger is the amount of each premium for the assurance of a given sum. This means that the protection element is smallest and the savings element is largest when the number of premiums to be paid is smallest; if death occurs before the number of premiums originally agreed upon is paid no further payments have to be made to the life office. These policies, like nearly all others, can be taken either with or without participation in the profits of the assurance company. If the company is well chosen it is in almost every case the best plan to take a with-profit policy. In the majority of life offices the bonuses on limited-payment life policies are declared on the same basis as those on whole-life policies subject to the payment of premiums until death; but there are several peculiarities in the practice of life offices on this point which make companies in the first class for policies involving premiums until death somewhat second-rate for limited-payment life assurance. There are also exceptional conditions as to surrender values and other points which should be attended to in connexion with limited-payment assurance; the surrender values are always larger in proportion to the total amount paid in premiums than under whole-life policies subject to premiums until death; and the surrender values are largest in proportion to the premiums paid when the number of premiums payable is smallest. This is a direct consequence of the fact mentioned above that the saving element is greatest when the number of premiums payable is least. In good offices, under all policies, a considerable proportion of the accumulated savings is available as a cash surrender value. It is

because under low-premium policies a large proportion of each premium has to be taken for the purpose of paying for insurance protection that the surrender values of such policies are so small as to be disappointing to the uninitiated. The relatively large surrender values attaching to limited-payment policies are among the circumstances which make assurance of this kind an attractive form of investment.

SMALL OWNERSHIP AND LAND BANKS.

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER M.P.

THE problem of the land might be deemed insoluble, the situation hopeless, were it not that other nations have had to face similar problems and situations as grave, and have found a solution and an issue from their difficulties. France has found in the very class whose wrongs convulsed her a bulwark against revolution and a source of national wealth. Her peasants, once the plague-spot and menace of her social system, are now the creditors and mainstay of the State. Stein, striving to infuse new life into Prussia as it lay gasping after long and disastrous wars, called into existence a race of country-folk who now, after a hundred years, form the surest guarantee of national stability, solve the problem of overcrowding, maintain the nation at a high physical standard, and enable industrial development to proceed unhampered. America has never allowed her feverish industrial activity to divert attention from agriculture; in no other country perhaps has the Government done more to develop agriculture than in the United States. Yet even there, with all the prosperity of town and country, a movement is on foot to create a more highly organised rural society. There is not a country in Europe where security and prosperity have not been sought and found in agricultural development; to a higher organisation of rural society our young colonists are turning for a solution of problems which beset them. And everywhere, except in the very youngest communities, where land is plentiful and labour scarce, the remedy for troubles such as ours has been found in the substitution, in greater or lesser degree, of small ownership for large tenancy.

Only in the multiplication of small farms owned by the cultivators can we, I am convinced, find a solution of our agricultural difficulties—an increased productivity, a relief of urban congestion, and an improvement of the national physique. The proposal is not a new one. Mr. Jesse Collings has done work in this cause which will yet secure for him the thanks of a whole people. But it has had to contend with two forms of opposition: the one, economic, which met it in earlier stages; the second, political, which is of more recent date.

The objection to small ownership is mainly political. Socialism sees in ownership a negation of its basic principle and a fatal obstacle to the realisation of its dreams. Without concerning itself, therefore, with the question whether ownership or tenancy would be the more congenial or profitable, it opposes itself resolutely to ownership and condemns the cultivators of the soil to a perpetual servitude to the State. There are others—not many—who prefer tenancy to ownership on other grounds, while admitting a close balance between the merits of the two systems. They think that, on the whole, the tenant who has practical fixity of tenure is better off than the freeholder, if only because, in the case of bad seasons and the like, he can get some indulgence from his landlord. To enter into that controversy is impossible here; but I would point to Ireland, where the tenant has fixity of tenure plus a periodical revision of rent, as a case where tenancy has not only failed to do what ownership is doing, but where, as is admitted on all hands, ownership is succeeding where it failed. It is urged also by critics that the demand for tenancies under the County Councils far exceeds the demand for the purchase of holdings, from which they argue that there is no great desire among the peasantry to become landowners. Against that

should be set the fact that the terms on which land can be purchased now are not attractive. It is not many who can put down one-fifth of the purchase-money and pay off the balance at the rate of 4½ per cent., and still retain sufficient capital for current living expenses and working costs. And the statement that there is but a languid desire to own land is opposed to evidence given before Commissions, to statements made to myself and others who have taken up this question, and to the universal experience of other countries. I cannot believe that Englishmen are so differently constituted from other races that they alone of mankind prefer to work for a master and not for themselves.

The second objection rests on the argument that as the yeomen, statesmen and freeholders have failed, to try to re-establish the system would be to run counter to natural law. It needs but little reflection to see that such an argument has no real basis. To a large extent the disappearance of the small owners was due to artificial causes, to the operation of the Inclosure Acts, and to the desire of persons who had grown rich in commerce to obtain social prestige as "landed gentry"—an ambition which they gratified by offering prices for land beyond its intrinsic value. So far as the extinction of the freeholders was due to natural causes, they were of a kind which do not now exist in anything like the same degree. Markets are larger, more numerous and more accessible; there is a greater demand for those articles which are most suitable for small farms; agricultural education is more advanced; and, above all, there is a wider knowledge and experience of the effect of co-operation. In reinstating the small farmers on the land, therefore, we should not be merely putting back the hands of the clock, we should not be thrusting them again into the conditions under which they failed: we should be giving them a fresh start under a new order, with the accumulated experience of a century, gained under diverse conditions of race, soil and country, to encourage and guide them.

I recognise to the full the impolicy, if not the cruelty, of placing small owners on the land and then leaving them to sink or swim as fate may have it. Some, indeed, might succeed where conditions of soil and proximity to a market were exceptionally favourable, but very many would fail. Greater agricultural knowledge and larger facilities for transport would not avail, unassisted, to give them that fair prospect of success which we must offer to those whom we would attract back to the land. Great as is my faith in the "magic of ownership" as a stimulus to the ambitions and energies of those under its influence, it is not to be believed that it can work miracles. To enable it to effect its purpose the energies and ambitions which it calls up must be organised, must be given practical means of realisation. By combination alone can this be achieved. Co-operation is not only the handmaid of peasant ownership, it is a partner in the concern. So much has been written about co-operation as an adjunct to farming that it is not desirable, even did space permit, to elaborate the subject here. But one must point out that co-operation is the rudder which will enable peasant proprietors to steer clear of the three rocks on which they have hitherto been wrecked—want of working capital, inadequate means of production, difficulty of distribution.

Wherever the small farmer has been thrown upon his own resources he has, sooner or later, become the prey of the usurer or "gombeen" man. To enable him to succeed he must be given easy access to cheap money. The small owner, purchasing the means of production—seeds, manure, feeding-stuffs and the like—as an individual, always pays a high price and very often gets an inferior article. And he is, of course, always debarred from the use of modern machinery and high-priced implements. To avoid this, small owners must combine to purchase what they need in bulk and to use machinery in common. The small owner, working as an individual (unless he be in the near neighbourhood of a large market), can never distribute his produce to the best advantage, or even on terms which will enable him to meet competition. He cannot enter into contracts, he cannot get good terms from railway com-

panies, he cannot take advantage of the turn of the markets, he is hampered by having to maintain farm buildings for the store of his produce and by having to lose time and money in the disposal of it. Small owners must, therefore, combine for the collection of the produce of the parish or district in common centres, whence it shall be distributed cheaply because sent in bulk, and, with the maximum of profit, because it has been properly graded and packed.

In all countries where small ownership is a national policy co-operation has been called to its aid in the form of land banks, purchasing societies and distributing societies. One need do no more than refer by name to Denmark and France, to Sir Horace Plunkett's work in Ireland, and to the co-operative credit devised in Germany by Raiffeisen and Schulze Delitzsche, which has spread across Europe and is invading the United States. But even in England, which has sadly lagged behind the movement, it is satisfactory to know that co-operative farming is making headway. As an instance one would mention the Eastern Counties Farmers' Co-operative Association, with its sub-committees of management, finance, estates, pigs, eggs, mills, roots and trading, the annual turnover of which has grown from £15,400 in 1904 to near £213,000 in 1908. In the nine years since the Agricultural Organisation Society was formed its turnover has increased from £9000 to nearly £1,000,000. These figures are encouraging, because they give an answer to those pessimists who say that English agriculturists will not combine; but they are very poor beside the £2,000,000 turnover of the kindred society in Ireland, and infinitely small compared with Continental operations.

To discuss the methods by which small ownerships may be called into existence might well fill another article as long as this. But it is essential to the success of the scheme that it should be possible for a man to become the owner of a holding without trenching on capital which might be devoted to its development. It is sometimes said that the Danish peasant owners are hard pressed. But the Dane has to find 10 per cent. of the purchase-money. Were he absolved from so doing he could use that money on development or to satisfy daily wants, and his position would be easier. Without insisting on the adoption of a precisely similar scheme, one would point to the land purchase system of Ireland as one which might be used as a model. By advancing the whole of the purchase-money through land banks the farmer's working capital is left intact, while by the use of State credit and the extension of purchase over a long period, the security of the State is increased and the energies of the owner are left unfettered.

PATRIARCHAL BASUTOLAND.

THE cosy doctrine that our national blunders somehow or other manage to get themselves retrieved is so firmly rooted in the average Englishman's mind that he would find it hard to point to the one or two actual instances in which the facts have squared with the theory. Lost ground, of course, is more easily recovered than lost credit. The Gladstone school avowedly saw nothing in "prestige". And yet Mr. Gladstone must have known that one schoolmaster can in a moment bring a noisy roomful of boys to order, when a colleague, known by all the boys to possess exactly the same official authority and punitive powers, finds himself helpless. Experience has shown that one has no firm grasp, but that the other (as a French master put it) "will stand no boozle-bam". And primitive races are very like boys.

Twenty-five years ago Egypt and South Africa were painful topics to any patriotic Englishman. Yesterday the effect of years of quiet work had made Egypt a satisfaction and South Africa a hope. To-morrow each will be an anxiety. Such a book* as that in which Sir Godfrey Lagden tells the story of Basutoland must be of intense interest to all who are moved by any sense of our Imperial obligations. After forty

* "The Basutos: the Mountaineers and their Country." By Sir Godfrey Lagden K.C.M.G. 1909.

years of vacillation we formed a policy and maintained it. For the last twenty-five years three Englishmen in succession—Sir Marshall Clarke, Sir Godfrey Lagden himself, and Mr. Sloley—have ruled Basutoland in peace without the presence of even a battalion of troops. Now the country is to pass from a direct Imperial protectorate to a special status under the High Commissioner of united South Africa. The Basutos, for reasons which their history explains, were so uneasy at the prospect of change that they sent to England a deputation, to whom Lord Crewe spoke comfortable words. Basutoland wishes to retain its present anomalous position as a British dependency in which Europeans may not own land, sell liquor, or prospect for metals. Their mountainous country contains fine cornland, tilled by themselves. Their young men go away to the Rand, make money, and return to settle down in family life. The Resident Commissioner with his small staff of magistrates maintains order, while the sectional chiefs, under the more or less nominal control of the Paramount Chief, look after the minor affairs of tribal life. It is an almost ideal state of things for the Basutos, who are not as militant as the Zulus, and are therefore not dissatisfied with the *pax Britannica*. But undoubtedly there will be growing pressure in the Parliament of South Africa to throw open this fine native reserve to trade, mining, and general European adventure. Sir Godfrey Lagden evidently has misgivings as to the future, and his book emphasises the necessity of keeping faith.

The peculiar interest of Basuto history is that the nation was formed not by conquest, but by the amalgamation of broken and fugitive clans under a petty chief. When the Zulu impis were sweeping over what is now Natal, in the early part of last century, their weaker neighbours fled over the Drakensberg. Moshesh, a Basuto chief of a small clan, gradually acquired ascendancy far more by diplomacy than by arms. He bought off the hostility of Moselikatse, the founder of the Matabele kingdom, and by the time of the great Boer trek had become a powerful ruler. The advent of French Protestant missionaries, whom he welcomed, while never really accepting Christianity, profoundly influenced the development of his people. Moshesh prohibited liquor, witch-doctoring, and the alienation of tribal land—a very remarkable record for a Bantu chief. When the abortive policy was adopted of attempting to create a ring of protected native states between Cape Colony and the emigrant Boers, the British Government made with Moshesh the first of many treaties. But continuous fighting between Boers and Basutos led to the annexation of the Orange River Sovereignty, and Sir George Cathcart found it necessary to take the field against Moshesh, just as, a generation later, our annexation of the Transvaal involved campaigns against Cetewayo and Sekukuni. Our troops were repulsed by the Basutos in an official victory, and Moshesh was astute enough to pretend that he had been beaten and obtain excellent terms. But in 1854 we scuttled from the Orange River Sovereignty, leaving no settled boundary between Boer and Basuto. Constant fighting followed, in which we took no part (except that we allowed arms to pass into the Orange Free State, but not into Basutoland). At last, in 1867, just as the Free State was about to crush the Basutos, Sir Philip Wodehouse saved them by taking their country definitely under British protection. Naturally, the Free State Boers resented a policy which robbed them of their spoil. When Cape Colony was given responsible government in 1872, Basutoland came under the contagion of Cape politics. Colonial rule was unsuccessful, and after the colony had caused a troublesome war (in which the Basutos held their own) by attempting to enforce disarmament, the Imperial Government consented to resume a direct protectorate. Incidentally, it drove a hard financial bargain with the colony. To abandon the country would have been the signal for a general Bantu rising, but the Cape was quite unable to continue the war. So Imperialism on the cheap was the policy that commended itself to the Gladstone Cabinet. Sir Marshall Clarke was sent with a handful of police to control a turbulent Bantu people

that had defied the Cape and was on unsatisfactory terms with the Free State, which would or could not police its own border. Moshesh was dead (having lost all control over his sons in his old age). By sheer force of character Sir Marshall Clarke succeeded, reduced to reason the stark old pagan Masupha, introduced order, kept out mean whites, persuaded the Basutos to live fairly quietly and to pay hut-tax. His successor, Sir Godfrey Lagden, carried on his work, and held the Basutos in leash during the Boer war. The country has always paid its way under the present system of administration, and is now well governed and prosperous. In Basuto affairs the High Commissioner of South Africa is responsible only to the Imperial Government. But when Basutoland is an enclave in a united self-governing South Africa, the High Commissioner must be influenced by his Ministers. It is easy to see why the Basutos are anxious.

THE CENSORSHIP REPORT.

By MAX BEERBOHM.

I CANNOT say I was disappointed by the Report of the Censorship Committee. Some knowledge of the English character, and of the official mind, had sufficed to save me from hoping for anything better. I should have liked the artists to wrench a victory. By temperament and habit, I am all on their side. If a man of genius wrote a play whose production might tend to lower the moral tone of the community, I should not wish that play suppressed. I make a present of that admission to the people who argue that a Court official is needed to stand between artists who are anxious to corrupt and a public eager to be corrupted. But the argument won't really be useful. Whether or not there is such a public, there are no such artists. And it is very natural that our artists should chafe under the control of an official appointed to keep his eye on them. The European Powers could afford to laugh when they heard that the eye of the Skibbereen Eagle was on them. But how if that obscure fowl had been appointed actual dictator of Europe? They would have rebelled then. Even so does dramatic genius and talent rebel against the licenser of plays. Not merely to depict life as it is, but to point therefrom some moral, is the aim of all the dramatic authors who count for anything at all to-day. Very often their moral fervour, their wish to do good, gets in the way of their artistic achievement. Their anxiety to be helpful to mankind does very often make their work clumsy. Propagandism in drama is a passing fashion, I daresay, and the playwrights of the near future will be as little anxious to do good as they will be to do harm. Meanwhile, being even more definitely moralists than artists, our playwrights have especial reason for resenting an official whose effect is so often to prevent them, not merely from depicting life, but from exerting a moral influence. I do not agree with Mr. Walkley that the outcry against the Censorship has been a fuss about next to nothing. His suggestion that the Committee should settle the whole matter by the toss of a coin was not less shocking than witty. Of course, it is well to preserve a sense of proportion. But that is an arbitrary term. Everything depends on the standard one selects. The fuss that is made about the British Empire would offend anyone who chose to take a wide enough survey. There have been many empires, and this particular one will doubtless come to grief in due time, and be forgotten. This planet will still go on revolving in its old orbit, at its old speed. And why—to carry our sense of proportion a step further—should we care if this planet itself came to grief? Our solar system would not be deranged. And, for the matter of that, why—in the face of infinity—bother about our solar system? Well, really, we don't—unless we happen to be astronomers. And even astronomers, I am told, are not wholly indifferent to the things that go on around them in their own homes. They like to see their puny domestic and local affairs being carried on for the best, and are worried when anything goes wrong. If I were a Briton, I should doubtless be very

proud of the British Empire. As it is, I can quite enter into the feelings of men who are willing to devote their energies to the task of keeping it together. I should be sorry if no one raised a finger to help it. It may have done, and be going to do, more harm than good; but the world would be a dull place indeed if men did not love, and fight for, the things that most nearly concern them. It is right and natural that the welfare of the British drama should be a matter of passionate interest to British dramatists. It is right and natural that they should make a fuss about the Censor. Not merely through his refusal to license this and that strong and highly moral play, but by the fact that his office discourages from writing such plays many men who would write them if there were a fair chance of production, the Censor has been a strong impediment to the drama's progress, and, in some degree therefore, to the national good. Certainly, he should be sent packing. But, when a Parliamentary Committee was appointed to inquire into the matter, and some enthusiastic friends of mine seemed to think there was a possible chance that the Censor would be abolished, or that his power would be much modified, and way would be made for the dawn of a new era, I smiled.

Ten gentlemen in frock-coats, five lords and five commons, at a long green table—not by them ever are dawns of new eras ushered in. Their business is to find with dignity a common denominator in the opinions severally held by them. Two or three of the members of the Censorship Committee were, as one knows, appointed as disapprovers of the Censor, others as approvers, others because of their open minds. It was, as always, the duty of the first two kinds to examine witnesses from their respective points of view, and of the third kind to examine witnesses from no point of view. And I presume that in the secret conclave of the whole lot the two kinds talked from their respective points of view until, having no more to say, they held silence while the third kind shuffled together all the words that had been uttered, shuffling them long and vigorously till all the meaning was shuffled safely out of them, and then boiling them down to a scale on which they could conveniently be laid as an humble offering upon the altar of the god Compromise. How not to offend one another, how not to offend either of the opposing parties that had come before them—this, I take it, was the aim of the Censorship Committee, as of all such bodies. And very creditably the work has been done. In the whole kingdom there is only one person whom I can imagine being definitely perturbed by the Report, and that is Lord Althorp, who, while we have all been hurling hideous menaces in the face of Mr. Redford, has been elegantly aloof and immune. In future, the Report recommends, we ought to curse the Lord Chamberlain. Meanwhile, as a salve to him, he is recommended to go on with his idea of a small committee of appeal, "consisting of a distinguished lawyer, two gentlemen who are or have been actors and theatre proprietors, a playwright, and the Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department *ex officio*". Cannot one see them—especially the distinguished lawyer—at work? And can anybody for a moment suppose that this five-headed monster will be one whit less mischievous than a single Censor from whom there is no appeal? It will not, however, be more mischievous. Things will be in statu quo—a consummation which is, of course, the aim of the report in all its ramifications. To please the artists, there is talk of the duty of encouraging "writers of intellect who desire to present through the agency of the stage sincere and serious dramas, critical of existing conventions", and so forth; and it is recommended that a manager should be allowed to produce any play without applying for a license. But, suppose there be legislation to this effect, what difference will be made? Where is the manager who is going to risk those enormous penalties which will overtake him if the Public Prosecutor happen to hale him into court, there to be dealt with by a common jury? Nor do I see that the chance of being haled before a committee of the Privy Council, sitting in camera, is likely to lure our managers on. I repeat, however, that I am not disappointed.

THE LEWIS BEQUEST TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

IN 1849 the will of Thomas Denison Lewis was proved in London. By this will the sum of ten thousand pounds was left to the Trustees of the National Gallery in order that the interest on that sum might be "laid out for the use or objects of the said Gallery or otherwise in the improvement of the Fine Arts". The income amounts to about £246 per annum; an insignificant sum, one might think. Yet in the forty odd years during which this income has been available (the bequest did not take effect till the death of the testator's sister in 1863) the pictures acquired from the Lewis Fund would of themselves make a very choice collection, already worth several times the original amount of capital bequeathed. We have good reason to honour Lewis' memory. Rich men have made far more magnificent bequests; but there is something truly liberal and unpretentious in the spirit of this one, which makes no small or hampered conditions and seeks no vain-glory. All honour, too, to the successive Trustees and Directors of our National Gallery, who have so well discharged the obligation laid upon them.

It was an excellent notion to publish, as Mr. Brockwell has done, the record of the purchases made out of the Lewis Fund.* The book consists of a descriptive catalogue of the pictures, with notes on their history where available, and a discussion of authorship where this is doubtful. The dates of purchase and the price given are added; and there are reproductions of most of the pictures. The essential information is repeated in tabular form at the end of the volume. An appendix, on which the author lays some stress, contains a list of authentic Italian pictures in the various public and private galleries of Europe and America. The authentic pictures are those accepted by Mr. Berenson. I do not quite see the particular relevance of these tables, or why they should be confined to the Italian schools, though they are of interest as showing how immensely rich this country still is in works of Italian art. But to return to the Lewis bequest. The present Director of the Gallery, who contributes a preface to the volume, frankly says that he does not believe it would have been possible to expend the sum available to better purpose. And really one is inclined to agree with him. At any rate, if in some cases the choice was not ideal, it is unlikely that any purchaser would have done better.

Few who go to Trafalgar Square take much notice of the labels denoting that certain paintings were acquired out of certain funds. Let us glance therefore at some of the more important works which compose this Lewis collection. To take the Italian schools first: the finest painting is certainly the superbly masculine head of a young man by Antonello da Messina. This was bought for just over a thousand pounds in 1883: its price to-day would of course be far higher. Rather more than this was given for the large Signorelli "Nativity"; but this was not so good a purchase. It is from the workshop of that great artist, rather than from his own hand, according to Mr. Berenson and other authorities; in any case, it is no true measure of Signorelli's genius. The Madonna and Child with S. John, by Fra Bartolommeo, bought in 1900, is an interesting rather than representative specimen of the painter; but it filled a gap. The exquisite little panel, "Amor and Castitas", now generally accepted as a work of Cosimo Rosselli, was bought for £500; and only £45 was given for the noble fragment of a fresco, "Four Heads of Nuns", by Ambrogio Lorenzetti. Later Italians are represented by two brilliant studies by Tiepolo. Among Flemish pictures the small portrait of a young lady as the Magdalene, by Mabuse, a desirable acquisition in itself, was also a memorable one, considering its price, £30. This we owe to the present Director's good judgment. Among several Dutch pictures the most notable is Hals' masterly half-length of a woman. The portrait of a man which hangs as a

* "The National Gallery: Lewis Bequest." By Maurice W. Brockwell. London: Allen. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

pendant to it was given later. Sir Charles Holroyd's recent attempts to fill, in some measure, the sad gaps in the French school have mostly been made by the help of the Lewis Fund. In the case of the greater masters it would seem better policy to try to secure really representative works. The doubtful Ingres can hardly be called a fortunate purchase. But the Trustees must be congratulated on getting the admirable and authenticated example of Gabriel de Saint-Aubin for less than a hundred pounds; and the landscape by Georges Michel is of special interest to us in England.

The English pictures are more numerous than those of the other schools, and by no means the least important. It will suffice to name a few of them. The "Great Cornard Wood", by Gainsborough, and the "Windmill on Mousehold Heath", by Crome, are two masterpieces of English landscape. Only £231 was paid for the Crome. The group of portraits of Hogarth's servants is a piece of intimate character, well worth its place in a collection where the painters of our nation are to be studied. The two small paintings by Alfred Stevens, bought for a small sum, will be prized more and more as time goes on; and though opinions may differ as to the desirability of acquiring for the walls of a public gallery, instead of for a student's room, the many sketches and studies by Stevens, also bought from this fund, one is unwilling to criticise any action which serves to honour and enlarge the fame of our great sculptor. The brilliant picture by Hurlstone, which has revived a forgotten reputation, and Madox Brown's "Chaucer at the Court of Edward III." were wisely chosen. And the latest purchase of all, made this year, Mr. Arthur Hughes' "April Love", makes a fitting close to the list.

There is more than one reflection that this record suggests. When the agitation for the purchase of Holbein's "Duchess of Milan" was going on this spring there was considerable outcry among painters on the neglect of living art and the unjust devotion of collectors to the old masters; and the indignant letters written on that occasion all assumed that pictures by the artists of the past fetched inflated prices, quite out of proportion to their merit. The record of purchases from the Lewis Fund tells a different tale. Here we find excellent pictures, some of them of the finest quality, bought for prices which a popular modern painter would despise. Supreme masterpieces now fetch fabulous sums; but the collectors who can afford them are as rare as the masterpieces themselves. Generally speaking, I believe that living painters and the painters of the past are in much the same condition, as far as the market is concerned. Fashion and rarity are the main factors in sending up prices.

But there is another and more significant question raised by this timely publication. Who that cares for the art of our country can consider and digest this record of a trust well bestowed and help noting the obvious contrast with the administration of another and more famous bequest? The sum bequeathed by Chantrey produces an annual amount ten times that of the amount produced by the Lewis bequest. The annual sum from which the Lewis purchases have been made is actually less than the annual fee which the President of the Academy derives from Chantrey's fund in consideration of his duties as trustee! Does anyone pretend that the Chantrey purchases, year by year, are worth ten times the amount of the Lewis purchases? Can anyone doubt that the Trustees and Directors of the National Gallery would have made, on the principles observed in administering the Lewis fund, an infinitely worthier collection for the nation than the Royal Academy has done? The comparison provoked by Mr. Brockwell's book is disastrous for Chantrey's trustees.

THE LASKER-JANOWSKI CHESS MATCH.—IV.

By EMANUEL LASKER.

THE match was ended on Tuesday, 9 November, with the score standing: Lasker, 7; Janowski, 1; drawn, 2. On the face of it an overwhelming defeat suffered by Janowski. But his is a nature of big

contrasts; under stress it is capable as well of remaining indolent as of startling efforts. In a few international tournaments he has been nearly the last ranked, in several others he has been a brilliant leader. A characteristic story is told of him. When a boy he was beaten in two games at the odds of pawn and move by a chess friend whom he considered inferior to himself. Half furious, half despairing, Janowski stayed three days at home. Then he returned to the café and scornfully offered to concede the odds of the knight to his victor. The défi was accepted, and Janowski made his word good by winning five times in succession.

Janowski has the consciousness of his ability to make supreme efforts; hence no ill fortune can discourage him. He does not acquiesce in the result of the match, and asks for another in which draws do not count. I hardly believe, however, that the result of such an encounter would be far different from the one just concluded. The fact that the capacity of a man oscillates in showing a high maximum and a low minimum allows only one interpretation: the man is one-sided. A talent such as that is limited in adaptability. It is safe to assume that our faculties cause our will to seek the conditions that favour them and to avoid those unfavourable to them. The "all-round" man, as the phrase goes, has a larger variety of suitable opportunities to choose from, and his one-sided opponent is for that reason greatly handicapped.

Though the match has disappointed the lover of sport, it has satisfied the student. The games produced by it are of rare quality. Janowski has treated the openings in a novel manner and soundly; the positions which arose were interesting, and the course of the games was such as to permit a correct estimate of the value and quality of the new ideas tried out.

THE NINTH GAME.

RUY LOPEZ.

| White Lasker | Black Janowski | White Lasker | Black Janowski |
|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 | 5. Castles | B-K2 |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 | 6. R-K | P-Q3 |
| 3. B-Kt5 | P-QR3 | 7. P-B3 | B-KKt5 |
| 4. B-R4 | Kt-B3 | 8. P-Q4 | Kt-Q2 |

Of all the replies to the Lopez tried during the last fifteen years the line of play here adopted by black is on every score the most promising one. The black pieces are developed, the KP is well defended, considerable pressure is exerted upon the white QP, and black is ready to castle and to advance P-KB4. Room is left to the KB for B-B3. An attack by white would now be premature. The first player must try for small advantages only, or the "balance of position"—according to a general law discovered by Steinitz—must of necessity turn against him.

9. B-K3 P-B4 10. KP×P B×P

The tempting P-K5 would be met by P-KR3, B-R4 (B×P, P-Q5), P-KKt4.

11. QKt-Q2 Castles 12. B-B2 B-Kt5

If B×B, Q×B white holds what advantage there is in initiative. He would threaten Q-Kt3 ch, and be ready to establish his QR on Q, his Kt on K4.

13. Q-Kt . . .

The object is to force the KRP to advance so that the black king is weakened and the square Kt6 is added to the domain of the white forces.

13. . . . Kt-B3

He avoids weakening the king, but blocks both rook and bishop. To have given way to white would have been the lesser evil.

14. P-KR3 . . .

Forcing the exchange of the important bishop. If (14) B-R4, Kt-Kt5 menaces Kt×P and Kt-K6 as well. Against (14) B-K3 or B-Q2 the same attack wins, and the reply to B-B would have been (15) P×P,

Kt x P, (16) Kt x Kt, P x Kt, (17) Kt-B3, threatening Kt x P and Kt-Kt5.

14. . . . B-Q2

Trying to dodge the unavoidable. Now the catastrophe overtakes him.

15. Kt-Kt5 P-KR3
16. B-Kt3 ch K-R

17. Kt-B7 ch R x Kt
18. B x R . . .

White having won the exchange, with correct play the issue is not doubtful. All that is left for white to do is to exchange the pieces and then to bring his king into action. The remainder of the game is a struggle for black to avoid exchanges, for white to compel them.

18. . . . Q-KB
19. B-Kt3 Kt-KR4
20. Q-Q Kt-B5

21. Kt-B3 R-Q
22. B-B2 P-KKt4

A desperate attack.

23. P x P P x P

24. B x Kt KP x B

KtP x B would be met simply by Kt x KP, Kt x Kt, R x Kt, B x P, Q-R5.

25. Q-Q3 Q-Kt2
26. Q-Kt6 Q x Q
27. B x Q B-Q3
28. B-R5 K-Kt2
29. R-K2 B-KB4
30. R-K8 R-Q2
31. B-Kt4 B x B
32. P x B B-K2
33. R-K K-B2

34. R-QB8 B-B3
35. K-B P-QR4
36. R-K4 R-Q8 ch
37. K-K2 R-Q2
38. K-K B-Kt2
39. R-K2 B-B3
40. R-Q2 R-K2 ch
41. K-Q B-K4
42. R-K2 . . .

To exchange the bishop would allow the black Kt to assail the KtP, and, if P-B3, to establish itself via B5 on K6 in a fortified position.

42. . . . R-Q2 ch
43. K-B2 B-Q3

44. R-QR8 . . .

preparing the liberation of the hampered rook by P-QR3 and P-QKt4. Black now raises the useless siege of the castle.

44. . . . K-B3
45. R-KR8 K-Kt2
46. R(R8)-K8 R-B2
47. R(K8)-K6 R-Kt2
48. R-Q2 P-QKt3
49. Kt-Q4 Kt x Kt ch
50. R x Kt R-B2

51. P-B3 B-B
52. P-R4 K-R2
53. R-Q8 B-Kt2
54. K-Kt3 B-B3
55. R-Q5 B-Kt2
56. K-B4 B-B

The threat of white was K-Kt5-B6 and R-Q7.

57. R-KB5 R x R
58. P x R P-R4

59. R-Kt6 B-K2

Perhaps he was trying for P-Kt5, P x P, P-R5; but that would break down on account of P-Kt5.

60. K-Q5 B-Q

61. K-K6 Resigns

THE TENTH GAME.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

| White Janowski | Black Lasker | White Janowski | Black Lasker |
|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. P-K4 | P-QB4 | 5. Kt x P | B-Kt2 |
| 2. Kt-QB3 | Kt-QB3 | 6. B-K3 | Kt-B3 |
| 3. Kt-B3 | P-KKt3 | 7. B-K2 | Castles |
| 4. P-Q4 | P x P | 8. Q-Q2 | . . . |

The question is between this move and castling. If he wants to avoid the continuation that follows he must castle. The line of play adopted yields no advantage to white. It permits white to force the draw, but such a conclusion is, in theory, honourable for the defence, and, as a rule, to be avoided by the first player.

8. . . . P-Q4
9. P x P Kt x P

10. QKt x Kt Q x Kt
11. B-B3 Q-B5

White is now prevented from castling. He has naught better than B-K2, Q-Q4, and a draw by repetition of moves.

12. P-QKt3 . . .

To avoid the draw he must continue Kt x Kt, P x Kt, P-B3, B-K3, B-K2, Q-KR4, castles K side, KR-Q or P-QR4. The position of black would then be slightly preferable.

12. . . . Q-R3
13. B-K2 Q-R6
14. P-QB3 R-Q
15. R-Q P-K4
16. Kt-Kt5 R x Q

17. Kt x Q R x P
18. Kt-Kt5 B-B4
19. B-QB4 Kt-R4
20. B-Q5 B-B7
21. Castles . . .

Intending to attack by Kt-Q6. He would have made a

better fight with P-QKt4, Kt-Kt6, R-Q2, Kt x R, B x R, Kt-K5.

21. . . . B x R

22. R x B R-Q

All hope for black is now gone. If B x P ch, K x B, R x R, R-R8 ch. He cannot continue with Kt-Q6, and therefore his attack amounts to nothing.

23. P-Kt3 Kt-B3
24. P-QB4 Kt-Q5
25. Kt-B3 R-Kt7
26. Kt-K4 R x KtP

27. B-Kt5 Kt-B6 ch
28. K-Kt2 Kt x B
29. Kt x Kt R-Q2
Resigns

THE FIELD.

By LORD DUNSANY.

WHEN one has seen Spring's blossom fall in London, and Summer appear and ripen and decay, as it does early in cities, and one is in London still; then at some moment or another the country places lift their flowery heads and call to one with an urgent, masterful clearness, upland behind upland in the twilight, like to some heavenly choir arising rank on rank to call a drunkard from his gambling-hell.

No volume of traffic can drown the sound of it, no lure of London can weaken its appeal. Having heard it, one's fancy is gone, and evermore departed, to some coloured pebble a-gleam in a rural brook, and all that London can offer is swept from one's mind like some suddenly smitten metropolitan Goliath.

The call is from afar both in leagues and years, for the hills that call one are the hills that were, and their voices are the voices of long ago when the elf-kings still had horns.

I see them now, those hills of my infancy (for it is they that call) with their faces upturned to the purple twilight, and the faint diaphanous figures of the fairies peering out from under the bracken to see if evening is come. I do not see upon their regal summits those desirable mansions and highly desirable residences which have lately been built for gentlemen who would exchange customers for tenants.

When the hills called I used to go to them by road, riding a bicycle. If you go by train you miss the gradual approach, you do not cast off London like an old forgiven sin, nor pass by little villages on the way that surely have some rumour of the hills; nor, wondering if they are still the same, come at last upon the edge of their far-spread robes, and so on to their feet, and see far off their holy, welcoming faces. In the train you see them suddenly round a curve, and there they all are, sitting in the sun.

I imagine that as one penetrated out from some enormous forest of the tropics the wild beasts would become fewer, the gloom would lighten and the horror of the place would slowly lift. Yet as one emerges nearer to the edge of London, and nearer to the beautiful influence of the hills, the houses become uglier, the streets viler, the gloom deepens, the errors of civilisation stand bare to the scorn of the fields.

Where ugliness reaches the height of its luxuriance, in the dense misery of the place, where one imagines the builder saying "Here I culminate. Let us give thanks to Satan", there is a bridge of yellow brick, and through it, as through some gate of filigree silver opening on fairyland, one passes into the country.

To left and right, as far as one can see, stretches that monstrous city; before one are the fields like an old, old song.

There is a field there that is full of king-cups. A stream runs through it, and along the stream is a little wood of osiers. There I used often to rest at the stream's edge before my long journey to the hills.

There I used to forget London, street by street. Sometimes I picked a bunch of king-cups to show them to the hills.

I often came there. At first I noticed nothing about the field except its beauty and its peacefulness.

But the second time that I came I thought there was something ominous about the field.

Down there among the king-cups by the little shallow stream I felt that something terrible might happen in just such a place.

I did not stay long then, because I thought that too much time spent in London had brought on these morbid fancies, and I went on to the hills as fast as I could.

I stayed for some days in the country air, and when I came back I went to the field again to enjoy that peaceful spot before entering London. But there was still something ominous among the osiers.

A year elapsed before I went there again. I emerged from the shadow of London into the gleaming sun; the bright green grass and the king-cups were flaming in the light, and the little stream was singing a happy song. But the moment I stepped into the field my old uneasiness returned, and worse than before. It was as though the shadow was brooding there of some dreadful future thing, and a year had brought it nearer.

I reasoned that the exertion of bicycling might be bad for one, and that the moment one rested this uneasiness might result.

A little later I came back past the field by night, and the song of the stream in the hush attracted me down to it. And there the fancy came to me that it would be a terribly cold place to be in in the starlight, if for some reason one was hurt and could not get away.

I knew a man who was minutely acquainted with the past history of that locality, and him I asked if anything historical had ever happened in that field. When he pressed me for my reason in asking him this I said that the field had seemed to me such a good place to hold a pageant in. But he said that nothing of any interest had ever occurred there, nothing at all.

So it was from the future that the field's trouble came.

For three years off and on I made visits to the field, and every time more clearly it boded evil things, and my uneasiness grew more acute every time that I was lured to go and rest among the cool green grass under the beautiful osiers. Once to distract my thoughts I tried to gauge how fast the stream was trickling, but I found myself wondering if it flowed faster than blood.

I felt that it would be a terrible place to go mad in; one would hear voices.

At last I went to a poet whom I knew, and woke him from huge dreams and put before him the whole case of the field. He had not been out of London all that year, and he promised to come with me and look at the field and tell me what was going to happen there. It was late in July when we went. The pavement, the air, the houses and the dirt had been all baked dry by the summer, the weary traffic dragged on and on and on, and Sleep spreading her wings soared up and floated from London and went to walk beautifully in rural places.

When the poet saw the field he was delighted; the flowers were out in masses all along the stream; he went down to the little wood rejoicing. But by the side of the stream he stood and seemed very sad. Once or twice he looked up and down it mournfully; then he bent and looked at the king-cups, first one and then another, very closely and shaking his head.

For a long while he stood in silence, and all my old uneasiness returned and my bodings for the future.

And then I said "What manner of field is it?"

And he shook his head sorrowfully.

"It is a battle-field", he said.

THREE SKETCHES BY TURGUENIEFF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY H. STEWART.

[These sketches were first published in S. Petersburg in "The Messenger of Europe" of last September. They now appear for the first time in English.]

I.

THE MUSEUM.

I WAS ill and taking a cure of sea-bathing at Ventnor, a small town in the Isle of Wight.

That little place is not particularly well known; visitors are rare, and indeed there is nothing in it which could attract them thither.

The broad, sloping strip of yellow-brown sand which forms the beach stretches far beyond the limits of the town. It is nowhere built upon and is bare of vegetation. The bottle-coloured, green waves—cold, northern

waves—rush up at the flow of the tide to a line of uniform houses. After the ebb you may see the erect figures of English people strolling over the moist, hard sand that is covered with threads of seaweed.

Later on I discovered that there was also at Ventnor a favourite place for excursion parties. That was the so-called "Museum".

From curiosity and boredom I went to look at it.

I was shown a tumble-down building, a small shed, in which the narrow openings of a few windows had been cut out at irregular intervals, manifestly long after its erection.

A man with a key in his hand, a respectable-looking Englishman, who wore a felt hat and a coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, sat awaiting visitors on a little bench at the entrance to the "Museum". He bowed gravely, opened the door, and invited me to enter.

Under the bright daylight I could not at first discern my surroundings in the semi-darkness. The interior of the shed was like our Russian barns, only with a plain floor of boards.

Rare curiosities were hung on the walls and arranged on the floor and two shelves.

For the most part they were all objects cast out on the beach after shipwrecks. There were fragments of ancient ornaments, of different kinds of furniture, of broken crockery. Fossils, starfish and shells were set out symmetrically on the floor along the walls.

A great, clumsy object in a far corner involuntarily attracted my attention. I went up to it.

Before me lay the stern part of an old ship which seemed by various indications to have been Italian. With its shapely curves and swelling upper part the old galley stood out picturesquely in the soft evening-like light on the background of the white wall just behind it.

Scanning it more closely, I became convinced that this number at least of the Museum curiosities—they were all numbered—was undoubtedly of ancient origin.

The timber was so old that it seemed it might crumble away at the slightest touch. Mice and worms had gnawed and eaten it in all directions. A reddish-yellow, rust-coloured dross of hoary mould covered the rotten wood. In one place it was not so thick, and I fancied that I saw under it half-obliterated, scarcely visible letters.

I bent nearer and read: "La Giovane Speranza"—"The Fresh Hope".

II.

THE KISS.

I was walking on a summer noon down a winding path in a wood.

The wood was trim and young, a Russian wood with intermingled kinds of trees. White-boled spreading birches were mixed with low-growing aspens, grey-green like the skin of a snake. Young oaks grew here and there in the glades and at the outskirts; elms with drooping boughs stood out in dark blotches, melancholy trees in the summer-time.

The day was clear and warm, but the sun was not seen through the thick masses of foliage, and only below on the feathery grass bright and dark circles chased and played with and melted into each other.

As I followed their fantastic play, suddenly a substantial human shadow swept forward from somewhere or other, lay over them and occupied the space before me.

I started and turned round. I was not alone in the wood.

Two paces from me a woman's figure advanced gracefully and lightly without touching the grass.

I stopped. The woman drew near, and she also stood still before me. With one swift glance I managed to catch the features of a divine countenance and the contours of a marvellous body outlined through the light tissue of her waving garments. She was beautiful and young, but I did not know who she was.

Suddenly she made a movement, bent slightly over me and kissed me on the forehead.

I trembled. An indescribable emotion rose up within me, choking my breath, overpowering at once all there

was of me. I stretched out my arms. I wished to prolong the feeling that coursed with a delicious tremor throughout my whole being. I lifted my head . . . But there was no longer anyone by me.

She was going as gracefully and lightly as before, and as before she did not touch the earth. Behind her there seemed to be two wings, small and transparent. It was they which helped her to glide so lightly.

I rushed forward in her track, calling on her with a loud voice. I longed that she should kiss me on the mouth "with the kiss of her mouth". . . .

But in vain I called and ran after her. She withdrew ever further and further.

And while I pursued her vainly I spied another man not far from me in the wood. He was a young man, almost a boy. He was walking with careless step, and his curly, beautiful head was raised slightly in the air. Gaily and carelessly the inspired eyes looked ahead, and the rosy full lips, covered faintly with down, were smiling.

I saw how the woman stopped beside him, how with a swift movement the locks that fell in disorder by his cheeks quivered and tossed themselves backward, and how she kissed him straight on the purple, parted lips. . . .

And I understood suddenly who the woman was. I understood also who was the young man.

Yes, it was she—the Muse, the inspirer of the poet. Her kiss I felt on my brow, a cold, incomplete kiss. . . .

Such a kiss, such an incomplete gift of inspiration she bestows on us, poets in prose, and treasures her kisses and caresses for him, for the careless, inspired singer of poetry.

III.

A PARTING.

It happened long ago, in those bygone days when Russian gentlefolk were wont to drive to one another's houses and stay there for long, for a week or for two, with horses, children and servants.

Once I chanced to spend some days in just such an old-fashioned hospitable home. All the society of the neighbourhood were gathered there, whiling time away. There were many young people, young beautiful women and girls. All of them gave themselves up with the enthusiasm of youth to careless merriment. Our amusements were simple and unsophisticated, walking through the woods, rowing in boats, and housegames in the evenings.

Among the women's faces I noticed involuntarily one face. It was that of a girl, also a guest in the house, a friend of our young hostess. She was not more attractive or more beautiful than the others, and perhaps I would not have marked her at all but for her glance, a pensive, melancholy glance, which more than once she fixed on me steadily and attentively.

I felt myself continually under the influence of that glance and did not know how to free myself from it.

I tried to talk with her. She answered always with a loud, seemingly unnatural, forced laugh, and what she said had neither meaning nor interest.

At length the time of my departure drew nigh. I was to drive off with my friend, our host's son. We had both come out on the balcony, and everyone assembled there to see us off. Everything was ready. We shook hands with the others and were already going down the stair, when suddenly someone's voice hailed me from above.

I turned round. Leaning with folded arms on the balcony rails, not more than two feet above my head she stood—the dark-eyed, laughing girl.

For the first minute I scarce recognised her—so changed was her face. It was covered with a death-like pallor. Her eyes were opened wide and shone with a strange glitter, but the soft trembling lips were smiling as always. Quietly, without change of tone and without betraying emotion in her voice, she said:

"Take me with you! Take me!"

"But I—I'm going—Where to?" I stammered. I was overwhelmed with surprise.

"Take me—from here. For ever!"

Suddenly she flung apart her folded arms and stretched them out in front of her.

"Old man! You're keeping us waiting!" my friend's voice cried gaily from below.

I ran down the stair and in a minute was seated in the carriage. The horses rounded the courtyard and set off down an avenue which ran exactly opposite the house. I lifted my head.

The young woman was still on the balcony. Her arms hung limply by her side. Once again for a moment her eyes rested their mysterious glance on me, and I felt a rebuke in it, in the closely-set, now pale lips. . . .

I could see how someone who was also on the balcony went up to her and spoke to her; she answered with her continual loud laughter.

Around also everything began to laugh loudly and noisily. And we too laughed as we glided on smoothly in the comfortable carriage along the soft, dusty road; but all the time a secret agitation, which I could not understand myself, did not leave me. I did not ask myself had I done well or ill. But the picture of the girl with outstretched arms lived in my imagination for many years afterwards.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BALFOUR IN MANCHESTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Manchester, 18 November 1909.

SIR,—The newspaper reports of Mr. Balfour's reception in Manchester hardly convey an idea of the manner in which the Unionist leader came to grips with friends as well as opponents. At the White City reception eager men and women scrambled over each other to shake hands with him, until he pleaded, smilingly, "My friends, you want more hands than I've got to give you". At the Free Trade Hall, as later at the Ardwick Club, there was more than one almost dramatic moment. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by five thousand lusty men seemed to wipe out the memory of four bad years. Then there was the unexpected appearance of Lord Robert Cecil, whose earnestness in his assurance of loyalty to the chief figure, and in his appeal for union of empire, of country, of party, prepared us for his moving invocation, "May God defend the right!" By the way, there were 30,000 applications for 5000 seats, and it was freely stated that men offered £5 5s. for the privilege of standing.

Manchester clearly is not past hope.

Yours truly,
DELEGATE.

THE FORGOTTEN SIDE OF IMPERIAL EXPANSION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hingham, Norfolk, 6 November 1909.

SIR,—It is well as a rule to keep from religious appeals in secular journals, with however much goodwill they may be conducted. But the great difficulty of reaching that large body of well-disposed people beyond the small inner ring which upholds at least half of English Church work is a strong temptation to a wider appeal, and perhaps even a duty. In that spirit alone is it made here.

Anglican mission work in Rhodesia is in great straits. The most important English work is honourably maintained by the colonists themselves; but they can have little to spare for the native work. They are not hostile to it, it is a pleasure to say.

We at home therefore must carry on the pure mission work, and it is a hard fight. The *res angusta foras* is such that nearly half the missionaries of the diocese are at this moment working for their bare keep, and do it gladly. It is not to the credit of the English Church-people to have brought them to such a pass. Perhaps one such who reads this may care to help. It is a case where every one counts for more than one. For the

natives themselves do know how to pay. The Knight Bruce Industrial College received £800 last year from its students in various ways, and from other stations over £200, etc. On few worldly investments is the return so large. And the crop is the Church of the ages to come—the great catholic company of our fellow-men.

M. UPCHER, Hon. General Secretary
(on behalf of the Committee of the Mashonaland Mission), to whom subscriptions may be sent.

THE FLOW OF GOLD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 Boscombe Road, Shepherd's Bush,

6 November 1909.

SIR,—We are again faced with a high Bank rate, and threatened with a further rise. The severity of the effects of this increase renders a discussion of the matter urgently necessary. The evil of an increased Bank rate falls upon a perfectly innocent section of the trading community. The discount of all bills of exchange becomes difficult in proportion to the increased rate; numerous business houses, which happen merely to have large debts to pay at such a period, stand in imminent danger of bankruptcy—the number of firms thus overthrown during the last American crisis reached many hundreds. There ensues a general stoppage of buying, followed by a closing down of factories and by unemployment. We have, even in normal times, an ever-present social question, which may be resolved into one of lack of demand for labour among employers. We perceive, however, that these periodical financial crises, by bankrupting numbers of competing firms, tighten the grasp of industrial monopolists. Further, even in normal times, our banks prepare for times of crisis by refusing credit advances upon ordinary industrial security such as stock and business plant. The entry of fresh competition into the employers' industrial arena is thus prevented. Is there no remedy for this evil?

Orthodox economists have declared that a scarcity of gold indicates over-trading, and that a cessation of home industry is therefore necessary. But a scarcity of gold may arise from many causes. Famine here will necessitate increased purchase abroad, and gold will flow out to balance the debt. An increase of prosperity in this country will call forth an additional volume of credit; and although the undertakings thereby floated may be perfectly sound, yet, when the volume of credit reaches a certain point in proportion to our gold reserves, the screw of an increased Bank rate must again be applied. Prosperity may show itself by an increased flow of capital abroad to finance foreign projects; gold may be withdrawn, as in the recent American crisis, to replenish the banks of a foreign country; yet again the Bank rate must be advanced and our entire home industry throttled. The question demands a discussion of root principles. Is it necessary that our exchange system be thus tied to a fluctuating quantity of a very scarce commodity—gold? A new school of finance is growing (vide the pages of the "Open Review") which denies this necessity. At present nine-tenths of the exchange of goods is carried on without the intervention of gold by means of a simple exchange of bankers' guarantees of the integrity of their clients; yet the whole of this vast superstructure of credit lies at the mercy of fluctuations in its gold basis. The new school asserts that this dangerous state of affairs is the result of governmental interference with the natural evolution of banking. But for governmental restrictions we had long since outgrown the necessity of using gold either as a credit medium or as a standard of value in banking operations. We demand freedom for the issue of an exchange medium which shall only be limited by the amount of commodities desiring exchange, not by the amount of gold in the vaults of the Bank of England. There is no room here to discuss the matter further. I shall be repaid if I am the means of drawing attention to this question.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY MEULEN.

REAL TURKEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club, S. James' Street S.W.

13 November 1909.

SIR,—It is a common practice with authors to complain of the unfairness, real or imaginary, with which their works are treated by critics. I do not know if it is as usual for them to thank their critics for generous appreciation. Yet, even at the risk of departing from the precedent established by my splenetic brethren, I feel compelled to write and express to the reviewer of my "Turkey in Transition" my sense of profound gratitude for his unstinted praise. It is recognition like this, sincere and spontaneous, that recompenses the conscientious writer for his labour and encourages him to persevere in his path, despite the thorns with which it is strewn and the pit of obscurity to which it so often leads.

I am almost equally pleased with the high opinion expressed by your reviewer of the merits of Captain Townshend's book—merits which my work in the same field has enabled me fully to appreciate, and to which I have ventured to draw attention in the press. That writer seems to have taken for his guide the same principle as I did—candour; and he must be as gratified as I am to find that candour is not always rewarded with contumely.

I remain, Sir, yours gratefully,
G. F. ABBOTT.

LONDON GRADUATES' UNION FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

114A Harley Street W., 18 November 1909.

SIR,—May I call the attention of your readers to the recently constituted "London Graduates' Union for Women's Suffrage"? This Union is open to all graduates of the University of London, is strictly non-party and is independent of other suffrage societies.

Among many anomalies produced by the exclusion of qualified women from the franchise on the ground of sex one of the most striking is the case of women graduates of those Universities which return a member to Parliament. It is instructive to consider the result of the present system of representation in connexion with a University constituency such as that of the University of London. This was the first University in the country to admit women as candidates for degrees. In 1878 the Senate and Convocation obtained a supplemental charter opening all degrees and honours to women students on the same terms as to men. In the University of London Act, 1898, this principle was again declared in the words "No disability shall be imposed on the ground of sex". In the University, step by step, women acquire their qualifications as men do, the degrees are open to both under the same conditions; they sit together in Convocation (which, besides being an advisory and elective body of the University, also forms its parliamentary constituency); they are equally eligible for the Senate and for the various offices of the University; they receive the same remuneration for the posts they occupy. Differentiation exists at but one point—over which the University has no control. The disability of women to take part in parliamentary elections rests on a general Act of Parliament, which requires that only male members of Convocation shall vote for the parliamentary representative of their University. In other words, a man is qualified to exercise this franchise because he is a member of Convocation, but a woman who is equally and similarly a member is debarred from any share in choosing the representative of the University in Parliament. The choice may greatly affect the welfare of the University; the qualification is an intellectual one which the woman has satisfied, and yet, because she is a woman, she is debarred from a privilege that her own students, if they are men, can acquire after a few years' probation. The recognition of these among other anomalies in our electoral system has brought into existence the London Graduates' Union. All London graduates who desire that the University tradition of

equal treatment should be extended to the political enfranchisement of women are urged to join the Union without loss of time. Particulars and forms of membership can be obtained from the hon. secretary, Miss Jessie W. Scott, 114A Harley Street, London.

I am etc.,

L. GARRETT ANDERSON M.D., B.S.
(Chairman of Committee).

NATIONAL THEATRES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

De Crespigny Park, Denmark Hill S.E.

18 November 1909.

SIR,—According to the "Illustrated Handbook" of the National Theatre scheme, there appears to be a yearly deficit on each one of the so-called National Theatres which would mean to the men of London, in spite of the £500,000 they are asked to subscribe, a burthen upon the taxpayer of perhaps another £30,000 to be made up out of the rates each year, should this scheme (the most wild of ambitions) form another of England's useless foundations. We are told by this "Handbook":

1. The Théâtre Français, Paris, and the Théâtre de l'Odéon: in round figures, cost the State £10,600 a year.

2. The Royal Theatre, Copenhagen: its annual deficit about £10,000.

3. The Royal Playhouse, Berlin: costs about £10,000.

4. The New Theatre, New York: we are told what it purposes doing.

5. The Burg Theatre, Vienna: this costs the Emperor £24,000, and he has to support the Opera House. England would be expected to do as much as this—and, if all deficits are to be cast upon the taxpayer, one ought to ask where this poor creature is to get the money from. Figs do not grow upon thistles.

6. The Théâtre des Célestins, Lyons: this costs the town about £9600.

7. The Czech Theatre, Prague: this costs Bohemia £5400.

8. The Royal Playhouse, Dresden: this costs at least each year £8000.

N.B.—It should be noted in addition to the above-mentioned figures, in some cases these items do not include heating, lighting, and, in another instance, paying the staff, nor for scenery, and never rent in these cases.

With every National Theatre it is a fact that the free tickets given to the press and its friends, the élite of persons associated with the drama (no matter if such may know one single aspect under which, or by which, dramatic art may be demonstrated, but simply because these creatures have daughters), these have to be provided with free tickets. The cost of these tickets is astounding, and for the amusement of this class of the community the taxpayer has to pay in order that a number of abject fools may have enjoyment without paying for it. The present writer has lived long enough in Paris and Berlin to know of what he writes from personal knowledge. Can any one of the promoters of the "National Shakespeare Memorial Theatre" remember the ignominious fate of our recently erected English Opera House?

Honest men have ever desired to pay the cost of their own pleasures—there is something to this effect in (shall we call it? the "dark ages" of) Homer; which, at the cost of not being properly understood by the crowd, we leave to be supplied by the imagination of those it alone concerns.

In another place Homer says, in so many words, "To desire pleasure at the cost of another is an abomination". To ask for, as to possess, a National Theatre which the "management" cannot make pay its own way is disgraceful, and never should be tolerated for a single moment. Such a "memorial" as this could in no way honour Shakespeare; it would

only make his honoured name a curse to the taxpayer. There are thousands of honourable men of London who have no admiration for the stage or its associates, while they have no time left for the study of poetry; their eyes are burnt out of their defenceless heads toiling day and night to scrape together money for the due payment of those imposts which short-sighted, halfpenny politicians lay upon the shoulders of the people! The late Sir Theodore Martin reprobated the idea of a National Theatre, saying "such could benefit no person except ambitious managers unable to run a theatre by their own ability". "A State theatre", he said, "run at the cost of the rates would stifle every legitimate enterprise, placing a fictitious price on worthless people at the cost of the endowment."

RICHARD C. JACKSON.

THE "QUICUNQUE VULT".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 November 1909.

SIR,—It is not easy to see wherein lies the impropriety which your correspondent finds in the slight change made in the re-translation of the words "Unus ergo Pater, non tres Patres" from "So there is one Father, not three Fathers" to "There is therefore one Father", etc.

What does appear open to question, both in the Prayer-book translation and in the new one, is the use of disconnected adjectives in the plural number. For instance: "Non tres æterni"—"They are not three Eternals" (same in both), "Tres immensi"—"Three Incomprehensibles" (Prayer-book), "Three Infinites" (new translation). Does the language admit of such employment of plural adjectives apart from their nouns, except in colloquial English?

Yours faithfully,

A. L. H.

[How about "sweets", "evils", "goods", "sharps", "flats"?—Ed. S. R.]

CARLYLE AND SHAMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scottish Conservative Club, Edinburgh,

10 November 1909.

SIR,—Your correspondent, James Bell, in your issue of 30 October, refers to a story of Carlyle on the occasion of a visit to a friend's house, stating that his hostess persuaded him to attend family prayers, and to read the Bible lesson. The true version of the story is as told by the late Provost Swan, Kirkcaldy, who was a pupil of Carlyle's. Carlyle often came and lived with the Provost; for he had a great regard for him. Provost Swan was a bachelor, consequently no hostess was in the house. He was a very devout and good man, and a respected Elder in the Free Church. He always had family worship in the morning and evening, which he generally himself conducted, unless some minister was his guest. The Provost asked the great philosopher if he would read a chapter to those at worship, which generally consisted of his servant and any guest that might be staying with him. After a little persuasion, Carlyle took hold of the big, old family Bible and proceeded to read the first chapter of Job, and got so interested he read on chapter after chapter, until he came to the sixth verse of the sixth chapter: "Or is there any taste in the white of an egg". He then stood up and shut the Bible, stating: "I never knew that was in the Bible before"; and walked out of the room to his sanctum to enjoy his pipe, leaving the good old Provost to finish the devotions, "which did not, like some public meeting, break up in confusion", as stated by your correspondent.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM WILLIAMSON.

REVIEWS.

THE MAN SHAKESPEARE.

"The Man Shakespeare and his Tragic Life Story."

By Frank Harris. London: Palmer. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS book, we are told, has "grown out of" a series of articles which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW some ten or twelve years ago. They were recognised at the time as brilliant work, and the forceful originality of the writer's standpoint was admitted even by many to whom his conclusions seemed no more than the fine flower of conjectural audacity. The same material has here been worked up and expanded to imposing proportions. A wealth of illustration has been added, astonishing in its variety, but more astonishing still by reason of the masterly skill which lends to every detail a cumulative and convergent force. If the fabric of the work be, after all, conjectural, we can at least say that no more confident, harmonious and creative piece of conjecture has appeared in modern literary criticism.

Briefly, the author's purpose is to disentangle the man Shakespeare from his writings—aided here and there, of course, by what is known otherwise. The method is simple but powerful. Accepting in the main the more or less scientifically determined chronology of the plays, he approaches them with the aim, at first, of discovering a type-character whose recurrent accents, under a score of thin disguises, suggest an authentic voice of Shakespeare himself. Having fixed this type-character by establishing a community of temperamental traits in figures which range from Romeo to Macbeth, he emphasises his conclusion by a negative but hardly less plausible mode of proof. He takes those characters (the Henry V. class) which by all laws of dramatic consistency should throughout show a polar divergence from the type-character and tries to convince us by a multitude of touches that even here—against the obvious design of their creator—the type-character persistently intrudes. More than that; he alleges a perpetual tendency of unconscious lapse into the type-character wherever Shakespeare is dealing with such minor figures as only claim from him a casual or sketchy handling. All this is enforced by really profuse and consecutive quotation; sometimes to the extent of a virtually continuous study, scene by scene, of a single character. From the sin of judicious omission, so gross and palpable in the ordinary Shakespearean theorist, these chapters are wholly exempt. Shakespeare's portrait is now projected, and our author—staking everything on its authenticity, as indeed he seems to admit—goes on to educe from the poems and plays, in order of their production, the outlines of Shakespeare's mental experience in ambitious youth, passionate maturity, and feverish decline. For Mr. Harris Shakespeare's "tragic" story is summed up in his insensate and prolonged love for Mary Fitton, the maid of honour who had originally betrayed him by yielding to his noble friend Herbert. To the torments of frustrate desire, exquisite in a nature at once acutely sensitive and sensual, are due the last reaches and terrible scope of the great tragedies. External evidence, necessarily scanty in bulk but chosen with nice judgment, is brought in from point to point to corroborate the tale.

For ourselves we have no stake in those standard conceptions of Shakespeare which for many professional critics have all the sanctity of vested interests. To our mind the mass of professional Shakespeare commentary is blasted at the outset by a patent want of imagination. The daring and independent layman, inspired by sheer love of life and poetry, is just the writer we most cordially welcome and most seldom see in the field of Shakespearean investigation. A writer like Mr. Harris, whose very iconoclasm is imbued with passionate appreciation—who disturbs old superstitions about Shakespeare only to vindicate his nervous and splendid humanity—is rare indeed. But while we admit the brilliance and cogency of Mr. Harris' demonstration,

we are conscious of some reserve. It is possible (outside mathematics) for a process of proof to be too complete, too perfect and rounded. This book, in fact, has the fascinating quality of a powerful novel, tinged everywhere with that realism of which its writer has elsewhere shown himself a master. It is essentially the work of an artist who will suffer no loose threads, and in whose hands the most diverse materials are meekly subservient to the unity of effect at which he aims. Moreover, the style is compelling. Aware that Mr. Harris is all the while building up his theory, we turn the pages with an eye everywhere alert for such windings and sophistries as are characteristic of writers resolved on proving a point at all hazards. Our vigilance is unnecessary, or else futile. From beginning to end he sustains with ease the demeanour of a plain man, plainly bent on enforcing obvious truths with a superfluity of evidence at his command. The originality of his views is the more striking, yet the more persuasive, by reason of this simple air and apparent freedom from paradox. Such work is more than interesting; it is exciting, and we willingly yield to the spell it exerts as we read. In calm afterthought, however, we hesitate to accept it as an infallible guide in the stubborn and tortuous region of objective fact. Mr. Harris himself notes somewhere that the most subtle figure drawn by a dramatist becomes simple when we contrast it with an average man in real life. This is profoundly true, and we apply the principle to his own delineation of Shakespeare. Many of the lines in the portrait we accept, but the total proportions leave us somewhat sceptical. Particularly we feel this in the second part of the book. "Shakespeare's life story", we reflect, "cannot be reducible to factors so simple as those."

That Mr. Harris has realised Shakespeare more actually than any previous writer—a great achievement—is past doubt. Our wonder is whether this Shakespeare, whose lineaments pale or vivid are discerned in Romeo as in Orsino, Hamlet and Macbeth, Duke Vincentio and Posthumus, be necessarily the Shakespeare of flesh and blood. Admit that by every chemical test, negative as well as positive, we have elicited from the dramas an unmistakable type-character, embodying the distinctively Shakespearean temper and outlook. Have we really got so far, even then, as Mr. Harris would have us believe? To us it seems, or very largely seems, that we have simply got past the mask of the dramatist to the lyrical poet beneath. We are thus still confronted with that inscrutable complexity, the artist-mind. It is true we habitually speak of lyric as though it were peculiarly the vehicle of a poet himself, of his veritable passions, hope, or fear. But in plain English we are far from persuading ourselves that lyric utterance, however unstudied or spontaneous, is a faithful glass of the workaday life from which it springs. We think Mr. Harris has proved, admirably, that in Shakespeare the speech of thought (so to put it) carries more conviction than the speech of action; that Hamlet is more consistently "vécu" than Henry V. or Hotspur. Perhaps, in the broad, it is no illegitimate inference that the man Shakespeare was introspective and temperamentally irresolute. Take Marlowe, however. Everybody must agree that Marlowe is not a creator of individual men; that virtually, in all his plays, we are dealing with a lyrical, not an impersonating, Marlowe. Are we then justified in assuming that this poet, whose monstrous types are nothing if not energies incarnate, was a man audacious in design and swift to action? We fancy not. Concede again that the broad change in Shakespeare's dramatic outlook—that darkening sky and beckoning of sinister shapes which ushers in his great tragic period—implies some dreadful ripening in his personal experience, such as comes to most middle-aged men who can feel. Must we go on to furnish his inner life with erotic madness deduced from Troilus or speeches in Lear, with frantic jealousy from Othello, with misanthropic despair from Timon? Potentially, no doubt, and to some extent actually, Shakespeare had all these things. Most men of the Renaissance-artist type had a fair spice of them. Indeed, we have always thought

too slight attention has been paid to those notes of decadence which obviously coexist throughout Elizabethan literature with the vernal vigour. But no Fitton theory, it seems to us, is enough to cover the ground of Shakespeare's most powerful development. The grand passions of artists are results, rather than conditions, of their imaginative susceptibility. And the most emotional utterances of a poet may be no index at all to the normal state of his mind, even within an hour of the poem's production. Poetry springs from experience of life, of course. But for a poet an old sorrow is as good material as a fresh one, probably better. We already have warned our readers that there is no crudeness in Mr. Harris' actual exposition of his theories. By the time he is ready to give these theories full play he has insidiously wound himself into us and fired us with the spirit of the game. Exempt from such fascination, we should smile (for example) at his dismissal of Shakespeare's later virginal figures as shadows of pure girlhood, pathetically chosen in reaction from the passionate and froward creature who had been his bane. No need to prove for us that Miranda, Perdita, and the rest are abstractions compared with Cleopatra. Of course they are. To be abstract is the fate of all virgins in drama. If we were asked to put our thumb on the one really striking psychological flaw, we should find it in the author's treatment of Shakespeare's humour. Having conjured up from a dozen impersonations the central mind of Shakespeare, and shown us its characteristics, he has the hardihood to bring in the humour by way of addition. This at least is how the process strikes us, and we feel that Shakespeare's humour is too fundamental to be so regarded. We cannot think of it as a specific quality, interspersed with and enlivening other qualities. It is unspeakably more than that. In essence the humour of Shakespeare is a tremendous and unapproachable capacity of detachment. Shakespeare the humourist, in other words, is a Shakespeare who will not give his heart away quite so vividly as the gentle reader, charmed or intimidated by Mr. Harris, may for the moment imagine.

With all these reservations, Mr. Harris has done much for the man Shakespeare. He has certainly demolished once for all the naïve effigy of a plump citizen, prosperously active or comfortably retired. He causes us to be strangely aware of the blood and sweat that must have gone to the making of those plays. We think he makes too much of Shakespeare's alleged "snobbery" and political hatred of the masses, of his failure to depict a middle-class puritan with sympathy, and of the fact that he nowhere paints a reformer. No artist, we believe, has ever triumphed in a sympathetic creation of demagogue, burgess, or visionary. (Mr. Harris' own tale "Sonia" comes as near as anything we know, but it is only a short story.) Some have succeeded in giving us the human traits beneath such characters; the types themselves have defied art, perhaps will always defy it. On all these points, none the less, Mr. Harris is full of suggestive insight. Those who have accepted as final the dogma that Shakespeare's personality eludes all detection will rub their eyes as they read this book and feel that at least they are on the track of something definite. For Shakespeareans the book is in the nature of a novum organum.

What equally concerns us is the remarkable freshness and fire of poetic appreciation with which the writer is endowed. We realise everywhere that he comes to Shakespeare's work with no academic predisposition, but as man of the world with a singular perception of poetry in its human and life-revealing aspect. His power of quotation (always in our opinion the last test of criticism) is equalled by his gift in discriminating gold from silver, and the bold but sure hand with which he rejects base metal. As critic of poetry Mr. Harris has none of those defects which usually attend, by a just nemesis, the prolonged pursuit of one idea. His sense of poetry has no blind spots. He weighs alike the exquisite phrase, the lyrical emotion, the strong clash or minute touch of character, and the broad philosophy of life. Most criticism of poetry is deciduous just because the critic's sensibility is unbalanced

and leads him to set store by one or other of these factors at the expense of the rest. Mr. Harris' equipment, as judge of dramatic poetry, is wonderfully catholic. His fastidious observation of detail and setting occasionally almost reminds us of Wilde's unique essay on Shakespeare's use of costume. At the other end there is complete and intense recognition of Shakespeare the moral master; the austere breadth of Shakespeare's outlook on human destiny is nowhere missed. Nobody who cares for fine literature, however indifferent he may be to Mr. Harris' main thesis, should pass the book by. As a thesis, we call it a brilliant and fascinating tour de force. As a book concerned with the greatest poetry, we assign to it critical merit of the first order. In both aspects we predict for it a permanent importance.

THE QUEST OF THE SOUTH POLE.

"The Heart of the Antarctic: being the Story of the British Expedition, 1907-1909." By E. H. Shackleton C.V.O. London: Heinemann. 1909. 38s. net.

WHEN the two great scientific societies resolved to renew the work of Antarctic exploration, their object was not to reach the South Pole, but to explore in various directions from a base as far as possible within the unknown region, and to make scientific researches around the selected base. The distinguished commander of their expedition carried out their instructions with admirable completeness. Captain Scott with his companions made an exhaustive examination of the immediate vicinity of his base during two winters and three summers, and he sent out five or six extended sledge parties, the two most important being conducted by himself.

The general result was the discovery of a continuous range of mountains, running north and south, from Cape Adare to 83° S., where it turned to the N.N.E., with glaciers descending at intervals to the ice barrier, and of a vast inland ice cap averaging an elevation of 10,000 feet. Captain Scott is the first Antarctic land explorer, the creator of Antarctic sledge-travelling. There remained the exploration of King Edward VII. Land and the solution of the problem of the ice barrier. Captain Scott looked forward to a completion of his work when his naval duties would admit of his absence.

Mr. Ernest Shackleton was taken from the mercantile marine by Captain Scott, who appointed him to be one of the executive officers of the "Discovery". He was enthusiastic and zealous, proving a most useful member of the expedition, and he accompanied his chief on the memorable southern journey. But his health broke down and he was invalided after the first winter. From that time Mr. Shackleton was always anxious to return to the Antarctic work. When at length he obtained the needful funds, he announced his object to be the South Pole. The best-known route is from Captain Scott's base and along his southern line of march until the mountain range turns eastward, and then up one of the glaciers and over the ice cap discovered by Captain Scott. The distance is 750 miles, 250 of which Mr. Shackleton had already traversed with Captain Scott. A base having been selected, which had been worked out by the members of the "Discovery" expedition during two winters and three summers, any important additions to what had already been done could not be expected as regards scientific research.

Mr. Shackleton now gives us the story of his expedition. The vessel obtained for landing the party of fifteen in McMurdo Sound was the "Nimrod", of little over 200 tons, which had to take out the Manchurian ponies, a motor car, the winter hut in pieces, and the provisions. She was too small for the work. The command was given to Captain England, an excellent officer with previous experience of Antarctic navigation. He took the ship out from England to New Zealand, superintended the refitting and loading, navigated her, when overloaded and with encumbered decks, through the ice, landed the exploring party at Cape Royds, and navigated the ship, when

nearly empty, back to New Zealand. He certainly did very important service to the expedition.

Mr. Shackleton wisely followed the system of his old leader, which he had learnt on board the "Discovery", in all matters respecting provisions, clothing, sledge and tent equipment, and diet while travelling; and he had with him two petty officers of the "Discovery", Joyce and Wild, who also had thorough practical acquaintance with Captain Scott's system. The winter hut was built at Cape Royds, on a spot where Captain Scott and Dr. Wilson had passed several days in the summer of 1904. There is an interesting chapter giving an account of the winter quarters, and another describing the ascent of Mount Erebus in the month of March by three of the party, who climbed the difficult slopes and on the 10th reached the edge of the crater, which is 900 feet deep and half a mile wide. A huge column of steam was rising from the abyss. The scene is admirably described by Professor David, of Sydney, the leader of the party.

But the centre of interest in this expedition was the attempt to reach the South Pole. The distance, combined with the difficulties of the way, was too great for men alone, although, if other means could be used for half the way, the remaining distance could be achieved. Mr. Shackleton's invention was the use of ponies. There were four available, and every one dragged a sledge. Provisions for ninety-one days were taken, weighing 773½ pounds, being 34 ounces per day per man. This would be considered insufficient in Arctic sledge-travelling; but it is practically the same as Scott's scale. The ponies took the sledges at a fairly good rate to the point where the mountains turn to the east, about seventy miles beyond Captain Scott's furthest point. Here the explorers had to ascend the glacier and begin their own sledge work. They were four in number—Shackleton and Wild with former experience, Lieutenant Evans R.N.R. and Dr. Marshall. The journey from the ship to the glacier, with ponies, took thirty-six days. With the provisions that remained it would not be possible to reach the pole; but a dash was made to attain the highest possible latitude. Mr. Shackleton's journal is very interesting, describing the scenery, the gradual ascent to a height of 10,000 feet, and the danger from crevasses. The ascent to the ice cap took them twenty-two days, from 5 December to the 27th, about the same time as Captain Scott took in ascending the Ferrar glacier; but he was confined to the tent by a gale during four days. Mr. Shackleton and his companions advanced over the ice cap, on half rations, for twelve days, being confined to their tent for two days. Captain Scott advanced westward over the ice cap for sixteen days, and the position of the magnetic pole was fixed by his observations. The Shackleton party endured great hardships and encountered dangers from hidden crevasses. It was a sporting and very plucky achievement, for which they deserve great credit. The return to the ship was necessarily rapid, owing to shortness of provisions, and was accomplished in fifty-three days.

By far the most important result of this journey was the discovery by Wild of six seams of what appears to have been coal, at 6000 feet above the sea. They were in the medial moraine in 85° S., and among them there was a fragment of fine-grained sandstone, with a black band running through it. The micro-slides of this specimen, examined at the Sydney University, prove that it is a coniferous wood. So that we at length have evidence of a warm climate near the South Pole in remote geological times, and of the existence of forest trees.

The sledge meters, during Mr. Shackleton's southward journey of a hundred and twenty-six days, recorded 1725 statute miles, but this includes relay work and back marches. Arctic and Antarctic work differs in several respects, and the sledge journeys are not comparable. But the great journeys of McClintock and Meham, without the help of dogs, ponies, or anything but men at the drag ropes, will probably never be equalled. McClintock made 1408 statute miles at the rate of ten and a half miles a day, Meham made

1336 statute miles at a rate of over twenty miles a day. The journey of Mr. Shackleton after leaving the ponies cannot be classed with these, but may be compared with Captain Scott's journey over the ice cap to the westward. They are about equal.

The second volume contains Professor David's narrative of a journey northwards to the position of the south magnetic pole, which was fixed by Captain Scott's observations 72° 51' S.—156° 2' S.E., calculated by Commander Chetwynd R.N. There was no particular object in going to the position itself; but the journey took the explorers over some new ground, and the narrative is interesting. There is also a good account of the work of Captain Evans, of the "Nimrod", in picking up the various travelling parties, before sailing for New Zealand.

Mr. Shackleton's own narratives are well told and will no doubt be popular with the general reader, and the work is admirably illustrated. It is noteworthy that this history of the Shackleton dash towards the South Pole has been published before the voluminous scientific results of the "Discovery" expedition have all seen the light. The Antarctic Joint Finance Committee still exists, and two volumes of the scientific results are still unpublished; nor are the accounts finally wound up and submitted to the councils of the two societies.

Meanwhile the South Pole remains to be reached. Mr. Shackleton's near approach, and events which have occurred since, can but whet the wish that the thing should be done, and by Englishmen. Fortunately, after much good service in the Navy since his return, Captain Scott is able to undertake the difficult task, at the same time doing all in his power to complete the geographical work within the Antarctic quadrant which is peculiarly his own. With this distinguished explorer success is, humanly speaking, assured.

KING MANUEL'S KINGDOM.

"Portugal: its Land and People." By W. H. Koebel. With Illustrations by Mrs. S. Roope Dockery. London: Constable. 1909. 16s. net.

ALTHOUGH a man with a ten-pound note in his pocket can transfer himself from London to Lisbon in forty-eight hours, Portugal, for most people, remains a kind of Ultima Thule. Travellers who have set eyes upon the tawny waters of the Tagus or the Douro generally return to the banks of grey Thames with the air of a Nansen or a Shackleton. Yet Portugal, in nearly all essential respects, is hardly less amenable than England. England, it is true, is netted over with a closer mesh of telegraph wires, and the Englishman boasts superior facilities for hurrying out of a place which bores him into another place which bores him still more. But, taking inn for inn, bed for bed, meal for meal, dish for dish, bottle for bottle, waiter for waiter, highway for highway, peasant for peasant, provincial Portugal is more comfortable to explore than provincial England.

Mr. W. H. Koebel, who, with the aid of Mrs. Roope Dockery, has made an engaging picture-book about King Manoel's country, cannot quite free himself from this traditional belief that whose lands in Portugal is somewhat of a Columbus. With the exception of an unconventional jaunt around Estremoz, he does not appear to have gone out of hearing of the locomotive's whistle; yet he writes like a pioneer. His chapter called "The Far North", for example, merely records a visit to Vianna do Castello, one of the most civilised towns in the kingdom, which lies only two hours' railway journey from Oporto. Mr. Koebel apparently saw nothing of Algarve, the ancient southern kingdom, or of the highlands of Traz os Montes. He knows his Lisbon and his Porto, and his Regoa where the English buy port wine; but he has no word to say of Guimarães, the "Portuguese Sheffield", or of Covilhã, the "Portuguese Manchester"—those two dinless and smokeless towns sharpening tools and weaving fabrics under the enormous shadow of desolate mountains. He sojourned in the Swiss-managed hotel-palace at

Bussaco; but he records no pilgrimage to Vizeu, Portugal's Lincoln, where rests one of the grandest and most mysterious altar-pieces in the world; nor to Mafra, Portugal's Escorial; nor to Lamego, high among the hills of the Beira Alta; nor to the gaunt Estrella where the goatherds, without an inch of shelter, have learned to sleep in the midst of torrential rain merely leaning on the heads of their staves. What is still more unfortunate, Mr. Koebel would seem to have almost confined himself to the haunts of Englishmen. When he ventured further afield it was under the guidance of the Propaganda of Portugal, an otherwise excellent society whose cosmopolitan ideals are more helpful to the tourist than to the student. In such circumstances Mr. Koebel has naturally failed to make good the sub-title of his book. He saw too little of the Land, and is therefore unable to write very usefully about the People.

The People being mainly a rural People, an inquirer who is fain to study them in their habits as they live must needs break away from the tracks which link up the few urban centres. He must cut across the grain of the Land, with the mule instead of the iron horse to carry him. By rubbing the finer edges off his Latin and by committing to memory a few hundred Moorish words he must acquire a working knowledge of the lovable Portuguese tongue. He must dissemble a boundless curiosity under an unflinching tact. He must remember that every Portuguese bullock-driver or roadside potter or sardine-catcher or olive-gatherer believes himself to be a fine-spirited gentleman; and that, in nine cases out of ten, the bullock-driver or potter or sardine-catcher or olive-gatherer is quite right. He must early acquire the not very difficult art of probing local life without perpetrating religious or political indiscretions and without offending against the etiquette of a country where even the humblest tourist with a knapsack finds his inn-reckonings made out to the Most Excellent and Most Illustrious Senhor. If Mr. Koebel did these things he has not allowed them to come to fruit in his book; for, although he visited Portugal during a vastly interesting crisis in the little nation's life, he has contented himself with adding one more travel-book to the shelf, and has written hardly at all about the People's mind and the Land's need.

Taking his book, however, for what it is instead of for what one could wish it to be, Mr. Koebel has certainly improved upon most of his forerunners in the same field. From the days of Beckford onwards it has been the fashion with England's literary travellers to belittle the friendly and allied nation of Portugal. The late Oswald Crawford, who lived in the country for many years, could hardly speak too loudly in praise of its inhabitants; but the tourist with two portmanteaux and three words of Portuguese has nearly always chosen to print a long-drawn sneer at the Land and at all the people in it, with the exception of the English and Scots colonies in Lisbon and Oporto. Mr. Koebel, despite his limitations, deserves warm praise for having followed a more excellent way. He is not ashamed to write fairly and even handsomely about the people among whom he was happy; and it is a pleasant coincidence that his book should have come forth in the year of King Manuel's visit to Portugal's truest friend and oldest ally.

NOVELS.

"Bella Donna." By Robert Hichens. London: Heinemann. 1909. 2 vols. 4s. 6d. net.

This is one of the best novels we have ever read, and quite the best that Mr. Robert Hichens has written. It combines the two elements of which every good novel ought to be composed, subtle analysis of character and an exciting plot. The character of Dr. Meyer Isaacson, the fashionable physician, of German-Jewish origin, is perfectly free from prejudice and based on accurate knowledge of the type. "He looked intensely vital—almost unnaturally vital—when he was surrounded by English people, but he did not look fierce and hungry.

One could imagine him doing something bizarre, but one could not conceive of him doing anything low." The intellectual, as distinguished from the commercial, Hebrew could not be summed up better. "Mrs. Chepstow (Bella Donna) was a great beauty in decline", and the viciousness of the déclassée of forty-five is perhaps a trifle exaggerated. The morbid passion of a female voluptuary of middle-age for a lusty young Egyptian financier in a fez is described with a realism which will shock some people. The infatuation of Nigel, "the damfool Britisher", of aristocratic belongings, for his Messalina is not, we think, overdone, though the strokes of the pen are somewhat heavy. We will not spoil the reading of this book by sketching the thrilling plot, which is enacted on the Nile and its banks. Needless to say, the Egyptian scenery and servants are described by Mr. Hichens with affectionate familiarity.

"Love and the Wise Men." By Percy White. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

This novel, according to the publishers' description on its wrapper, "is the study of a brilliant woman-hater and of his final conquest by a charming lady who has persuaded herself that it is her duty to despise man". But it is nothing of the kind. Really there ought to be a modicum of accuracy even in an advertisement. The story, like so many of Mr. White's, is told by a man standing outside the main current of the events—a man to whom things happen, a fly on the wheel, with something of the microscopic vision of a fly. David Kirke is educated by a philosopher uncle, who holds that the world is dominated by sex-obsession, and that children must by their early education be armed to withstand the unreal glamour of amorous emotions. So David and his friend Philip Kirke are sent to a peculiar school in France kept by a French philosopher who shares Mr. Kirke's views. The description of life at the French school is most amusing. Of course love—precocious romance quite unchilled by their physiological knowledge—comes to dominate both David and Philip. The plot is well worked out, and the book must be counted as one of Mr. White's happier efforts.

"Stradella: an Old Italian Love Tale." By F. Marion Crawford. London: Macmillan. 1909. 6s.

The last work of a veteran novelist must possess an interest of its own, but "Stradella" would not attract much attention from its intrinsic merits. The true story of the musician Stradella's elopement from Venice with a girl of good family supplies the framework for a graceful but somewhat mechanical story. Stradella and his bride remain shadowy figures, but two bravi who follow them—imaginary persons—have, paradoxically enough, the flesh and blood of real life as they move amongst the historical characters on the stage. The bravi are such cheerful and ingenious scoundrels that the failure of their designs becomes almost pathetic. We have a glimpse of Queen Christina of Sweden, and the Venice and the Rome of the late seventeenth century are skilfully depicted. But for all its fluency the story lacks distinction.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Notes on Shooting in the British Isles." By Major Arthur Hood. London: "The Times" Publishing Co. 1909. 1s.

Books on shooting in the British Isles are many, but those which contain good first-hand information on the subject in all its branches are extremely rare. Major Hood is well known as a good game shot and as having had opportunities of shooting in some of the most famous localities; in fact, he writes as a man who has, in all probability, not only seen grouse and partridge driving, as well as covert shooting, at its very best, but has also shot woodcock, snipe, and duck at places where the best sport obtainable in these islands is to be found. Hence all that he has to say on the subject of home shooting is worthy of attention, and we have no doubt that all hosts of shooting parties will be especially grateful to Major Hood for his advice. Some of his suggestions, begot from wide experience, are admirable, notably those in connexion with partridge driving. No doubt some readers

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will find fault with his style, but it should be remembered that he is a professor of the shot-gun and not of the pen; in fact, he especially excuses himself from discussing the joys of shooting over dogs and of driving, giving as a reason that since "abler pens" have done so, he has not ventured "to put his oar in"! The metaphor is understandable, if a little mixed. So also is his description of a famous grouse moor, situated on a mountain "rather steeper than the sides of most houses"! In the next edition of this book—for it will most assuredly be in demand, not only among those who shoot and understand shooting but among the immense majority of those who merely own guns and buy cartridges, yet are anxious to know something about the sport—it would be well if Major Hood asked some ornithological friend to revise his names of birds, both English and Latin. He might then possibly refrain from writing about Mallard drakes and Mallard ducks! He might also find a better name for the tarsus of a bird than "hock-joint"! These are, however, minor points. We note but one serious error in the whole book. He quotes Ireland and the Outer Hebrides as the best localities in our isles for snipe-shooting. Ireland, yes! since it lies along the line of migration from N.E. to S.W., as also do certain of the Inner Hebrides, well known to a few fortunate sportsmen. But Lewis, Uist and the other Outer Hebrides lie just outside the line taken by the migrating snipe. Those who have an extended experience of the Outer Islands know that when the small stock of native-bred snipe there have been shot, no more arrive to take their place during that season. On the other hand, in the Inner Islands, situated on the line of migration, good bags may be made repeatedly over the same ground at short intervals. The final chapter, styled "Random Remarks", is hardly in keeping with the rest of this really excellent little book, although some of the information given in it is both interesting and useful.

"Lectures on the Strategy of the Franco-German War, 1870, up to the Battle of Sedan." By Brevet-Major W. D. Bird. London: Rees. 1909. 6s. net.

For many years the only book available for those who wished seriously to study the Franco-German War of 1870 was the German official account. Many were the attempts made by English writers to present the campaign in a somewhat less biased form, but one and all laboured under the difficulty that they were compelled to accept the German accounts as no others were available. The appearance of the French official account, which is an extraordinarily good book, enables the student to form a reasonably fair idea of the great events of the months July to September 1870. Considering the magnitude of the issues involved, the wide extent of the ground covered both in the preliminary strategical deployment and by the field of operations, and the great masses of men employed, it is no light work to attempt, as Major Bird has done, to present the whole circumstances in a small book of only 125 pages of open print. He has done so in a very fair manner, and this little book will be of great use to all who wish to get a good general idea of the campaign before entering into more extended and detailed studies of it. Of especial value are the small maps showing both the supposed positions of "the enemy" and the actual points they occupied on successive days. Nothing could demonstrate more clearly the extraordinary difficulties which beset every commander of an army in making his dispositions for the march or for a combat, owing to lack of correct information of his opponents' movements.

"Greece in Evolution." Edited by G. F. Abbot. London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 5s. net.

This book is a kind of glorified pamphlet. It consists of a number of studies "prepared under the auspices of the French League for the Defence of the Rights of Hellenism", and written by members of the League. It seeks to interest the reader in the political objects of the League by pointing out what a beautiful country Greece is, and what fine fellows the Greeks have been. "Of all the ruins of Greece the Greek people is not the least interesting", wrote Edmund About in his "Memoir on the Island of Ægina". This, we are told, is no longer true. The land of Greece is a rational organism. Rationalism, as practised in Greece and as understood by France, Greece's modern sponsor, is a thing of doubtful value. Most of us would prefer the ruin to a rational Greece as she shows herself to-day. It is characteristic of the case for Greece pleaded in this volume by her eloquent advocates that, in discussing the economic factors that will govern her future, special prominence is given to the necessity for exploiting the very ruins upon which she professes to have turned her back. When Greece has been brought within sixty hours' distance of Paris, and has been covered with nice hotels, then, indeed, rationalism is going to have a real chance.

"Peacock's Memoirs of Shelley. With Shelley's Letters to Peacock." Edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. London: Frowde. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

Peacock—save for Hogg—was perhaps the one man of Shelley's generation qualified to write of the poet without running into didactic absurdities. He had a queer blend of humour and sympathy that enabled him to understand his subject, and yet at the same time to stand between his subject and the world that ridiculed him. The memoirs are unpretentious, too, which is more than half their charm. They are, in fact, reviews written in correction of the heavier and less discerning biographies of the day. This neat, cheap, and handy little book should increase the number of Peacock's readers. If, as may be imagined, it impels some of them into an acquaintance with his novels, it will have served a good turn to Peacock as well as to Shelley; and, of course, to the readers.

"Dictionary of National Biography." Vol. XXI. Whichcord—Zuytlestein. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 15s. net.

There is a curious sort of interest in opening a volume of the Dictionary casually. Every name we know is of some significance in our national history. On whose story shall we come by merely taking a page at random? The first name which catches the eye in the present volume is that of Wordsworth, to whom Leslie Stephen has devoted nearly sixteen pages. We turn again and we come upon Charles Kent's Cardinal Wiseman, or Leslie Stephen's Wilberforce, or we dip deeper and find the Rev. Hastings Rashdall's long account of Wycliffe. Williams is the patronymic which occupies most space in this volume. The reissue of the Dictionary is now within one volume of completion. It is a marvel of both quality and quantity for the price charged, and the more the work is consulted the more conscious we are of the service it renders.

"A Scamper through the Far East." By Major H. H. Austin. London: Arnold. 1909. 15s. net.

For this book there is no room. If the author merely scampered through the Far East, he has no excuse for publishing his impressions, which can have no value. If he did more and remained there longer, he should not have called his book a scamper. However, he says himself his trip was a scamper and nothing more, so we cannot be doing him an injustice.

For this Week's Books see page 640.

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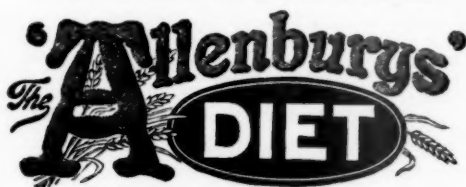


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SALVADOR RAILWAY.

The Ordinary General Meeting of the Salvador Railway Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, at Winchester House, E.C., Mr. Mark J. Kelly, chairman and managing director, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. F. C. Tillbrook) having read the notice and the auditors' reports,

The Chairman said: The great expansion that has taken place in the local traffic affords a consoling and reassuring outlook for the future. The growth of what in technical language is called the local traffic affords pretty certain proof that your property is largely developing the country, and, as no currents of foreign immigration have as yet inclined towards Salvador, nor, indeed, towards any one of the five Central American States, it follows that what has been taking place in Salvador is that numbers of the more enterprising inhabitants are attracted each year from those parts where they enjoy no railway facilities to the central region which is served by your railway, where population grows apace, providing us with an appreciable yearly increase in the local traffic. The trade conditions during the year in the country have been unsatisfactory; nor could they be otherwise, having regard to the inflated rates of exchange which have prevailed. Bad trade has been at the bottom of the trouble, and the bad trade has been caused, primarily, if not solely, by the inflated exchanges, which, in our particular case, have caused the damage in a twofold way—directly, by reason of the loss on remittances to the head office, and, indirectly, because of the prejudicial influence upon trade. Personally, I have been at great pains to bring before the authorities and the people concerned the folly of these inflated exchanges, the injury they work to the general public of Salvador, and the damage they gratuitously inflict upon foreign capital invested in the country. The planters hold that the high exchanges constitute a clear and legitimate bonus upon the value of the coffee, the indigo, balsam, and other articles of export, while the importers clamour no less fervently, but undoubtedly with sounder reason, that the high exchanges, if, indeed, they really benefit the planters, are assuredly not less a tax, and a very heavy one, upon the goods consumed by the general public, and, still worse, a deterrent of active trade by reason of the enhanced prices at which goods must necessarily be sold to the consumer, with the corollary of a reduced consumption, while at the same time hitting the Government by reducing its revenue from Customs duties. This same fallacy of the so-called bonus on the country's exportable production has been a troublesome parasite in every one of the Latin-American Republics, and its death has been hard in many of them where it has yielded place to sounder economic practice, as is the case to-day in Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, Peru, Uruguay, Ecuador, and perhaps others, and where the establishment of a gold standard, or, at all events, the having in hand of more or less large sums of available gold, has had the inevitable effect of regulating the exchanges, whose fluctuations are now confined within narrow and well-defined limits. I hold that the gold standard must come. On the last occasion of our meeting you I went very fully into the subject of the proposed diversion of our traffic from Acajutla to Puerto Barrios by the concessionaires of the railway to Guatemala, just referred to. A year has passed, and there are no signs that these concessionaires are in a position to carry out their contract with the Government of Salvador, while the signs are not wanting that they are still unable to divert the bulk of the coffee in Guatemala itself, their own immediate field of action, from the port of San Jose, on the Pacific, to Puerto Barrios. And this reluctance of the Guatemala shippers (other than those advantageously placed by reason of proximity) to send their coffee across the Republic of Guatemala to Puerto Barrios would still more palpably be the case where Salvador is concerned. To accentuate the fact, to make it easier as well as cheaper for the Salvador shippers to make use of the Tehuantepec route, to dispel the idea of the long railway haul to Puerto Barrios, and, incidentally, to develop a direct interchange of commodities between Salvador and Mexico, your directors decided that we should establish a weekly steamship service of our own between Acajutla and Salina Cruz, the Pacific terminal of the Tehuantepec railway, for the benefit, preferentially, of shippers by your railway. With regard to traffic prospects for the current financial year, much, of course, will depend on the yield of our principal staple of export. We have opened a new source of revenue with the establishment of our sea carriage, and your directors are of the opinion that from this new undertaking we shall receive as substantial a return as was obtained from the acquisition, some years ago, of the warehousing and lighterage undertaking, which from the very first year of working it enabled us to commence the pleasing task of wiping out the debit balances accumulated in the first three years of the company's existence. I must not fail to mention here that our new undertaking has been favoured with the countenance of his Majesty's Government, the Governments of both Salvador and Mexico having been officially informed by the Foreign Office, through the respective Legations, of what we were doing, and encouraged to do whatever they may properly do to enable us to make this service a success. From the President of Salvador I have myself received warm assurances of support, and I have reason to believe that we shall be able to contract for the carriage of the mails. The steamship service will undoubtedly do much for us; but, even when we have two vessels, this undertaking must mark no final limitation to our efforts in the direction of earning more money. The failure of the concessionaires I have already referred to to show any practical evidence of financial ability to carry out the works which they contracted for should be our opportunity to approach the Government of Salvador with the view of securing a concession to build and operate a desirable extension of your railway, which the board has long had in view. New works are peculiarly desirable, having regard to three capital facts which I must ask you to bear in mind—the first, that your railway may soon overtake the maximum development of which a line of only 100 miles is capable; the second, that your directors must be prepared to deal at any moment with the purchase of the 6,185 shares of the Acajutla Pier Company, upon which we are under an agreement to pay 12 per cent. per annum, if the occasion should arise to buy these shares outright at a price sufficiently attractive to allow of a considerable annual economy in our disbursement on this head; and the third fact, whose importance I am sure you will appreciate, is that, with reasonable anticipation, such measures in the way of extensions and acquisitions as I have outlined must be taken to increase the development of your business substantially before your present subsidy shall come to an end in 1916. A resolution will be put before you on the subject at the close of these remarks. As a matter of fact, they have extended already to a great length, and I have only to add that if, as I hope, this meeting accepts and shares the views of the directors, I propose to go out to Salvador almost immediately to enlist every possible support for your steamship business, both with shippers and with reference to subsidies, and to put forward my best efforts in the direction of the new works which we believe are necessary to a policy of active development of your business. The Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts and the declaration of a dividend of 2 per cent. on the preference shares.

Mr. M. Uleco seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. It was then resolved: "That the directors' power to borrow conferred by Clause 45 of the articles of association as amended by special resolution passed November 19 and confirmed December 4, 1899, be extended so that the moneys at any one time owing shall not, without the sanction of a general meeting, exceed £1,250,000."

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